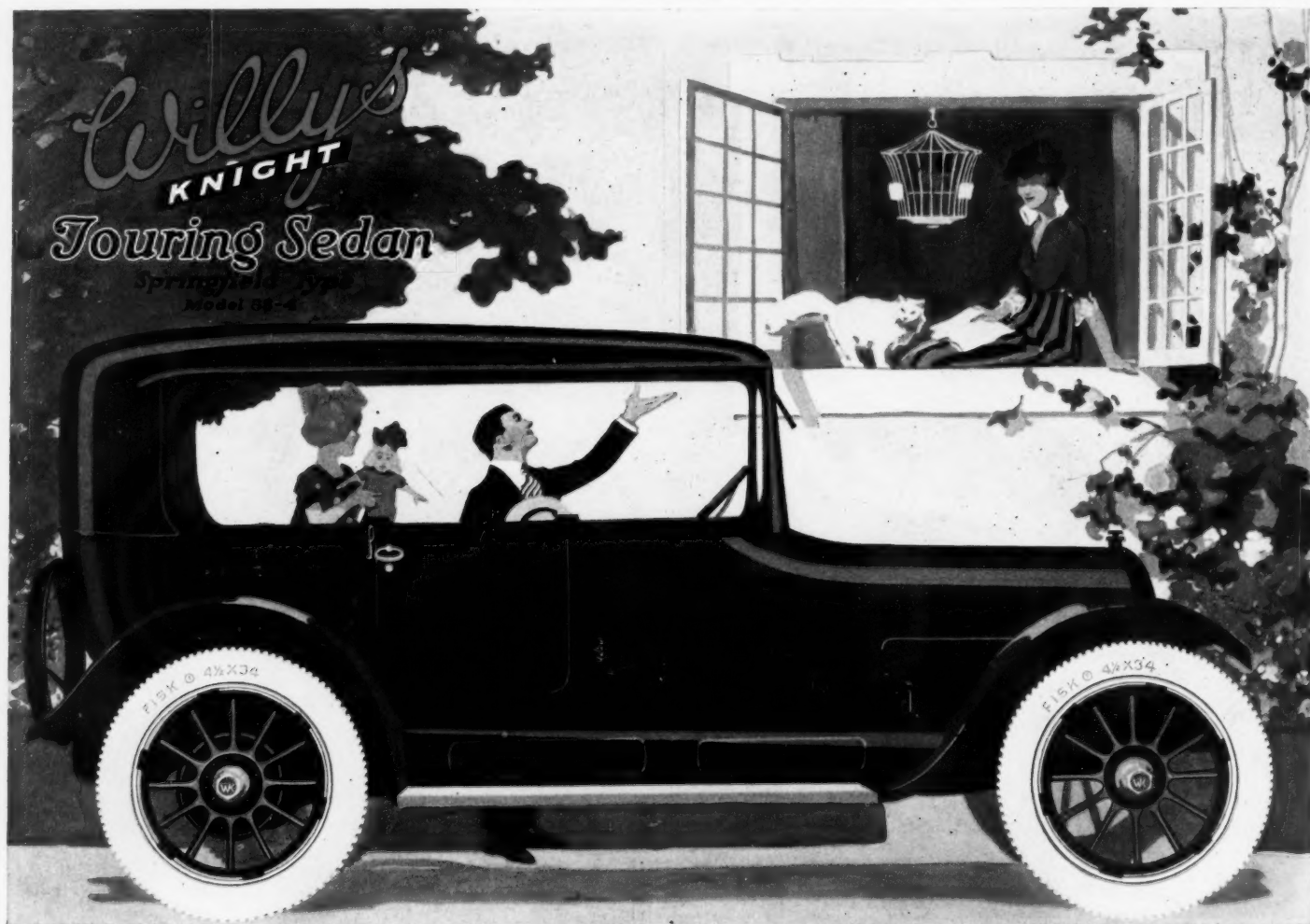




PAUL STAHL

RELYING ON HIS PERSONALITY IN BUSINESS



The Instant You Need Protection Your Touring Car is a Closed Sedan

Two cars in one!
Convertible on the instant!
The extreme of luxury either way!

Actually open to every friendly breeze that blows.

Absolutely closed, however, when you want protection from dust, wind, rain or cold,—as tight as any permanently closed sedan.

And no trouble to open wide or close tight,—simply lower the windows or raise them, as the case may be.

It is **perfected** convertibility at last.

It has the wonderful Knight type sleeve-valve motor which is far better adapted for closed cars than any other type.

In closed cars with ordinary motors and gears you shut yourself up with tapping, popping, clashing, grinding noises.

But here is a car which you can shut as tight as a drum and yet have peace and quiet.



\$1950 f. o. b.
Toledo

The sound of its silent sliding sleeve-valve motor is scarcely more audible than your quietly ticking watch.

To match its almost silent motor it has spiral bevel drive gears which virtually eliminate all gear noises.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

Nothing else approaches the luxury of this noise destroying combination.

And the convenience of its convertibility—the luxury of its quietness—are matched by a new high standard of riding comfort.

Cantilever rear springs absorb all ordinary road inequalities.

But the riding comfort is made even more luxurious by new improved seat springs—smaller springs—more of them—each encased in a separate air chamber and checked against rebound.

It is a good long car—121-inch wheelbase—and it has big tires, 34x4½-inch—two more features which contribute to make this the easiest riding car you ever dreamed of.

* * *

See the Overland dealer and place your order promptly to assure early delivery.

Look for the name on the back
Garage
10 x 12 "Steel
barn garage,
any price.
Specially set up,
of neages and
best postal for
The Edw
226-386 Eggle

Religion as It Is

CHURCH—A place one can go to think over his affairs without being distracted.

Sermon—A necessary part of the program, appreciated inversely to its length.

Pastor—A good shepherd who cannot get away from the notion that all men are sheep and must be led.

Bible—The greatest book ever written by man, but which has much of its effectiveness destroyed by a blind insistence upon its infallibility.

Orthodoxy—What somebody a thousand years ago said is true.

Heresy—What somebody to-day says is true.

Tolerance—That which we do not grant to others, but expect them to grant to us.

Sin—A mistake made by another.

Choir—Fine clothes set to music.

Pew—A reserved seat where we consider that our ticket entitles us to kick like the devil when somebody else sits in it.

Collection—Something we give to because somebody else is watching us.

Dogma—A suit of clothes for the mind, to fit which the mind must be cut down before heaven can be gained.

Christianity—The world's greatest inspiration dimmed by bright men's minds for their own profit or satisfaction.

Hell—A place to which nobody expects to go.

PATIENT: But, doctor, you are not asking five dollars for merely taking a cinder out of my eye?

SPECIALIST: Er—no. My charge is for removing a foreign substance from the cornea.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Krementz

Hot Weather and Your Collar Button

How is your collar button acting these hot days? Does it still look like real gold? Has it discolored your skin? Blackened your collar band? If so, it is not a Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Plate Collar Button in which the gold has been hammered to make it tough, wear-resisting. All for 25c. In solid 10 Kt. gold, \$1 each; 14 Kt. \$1.50 each. Sold under this guarantee:

"If damaged from any cause, a new button FREE."

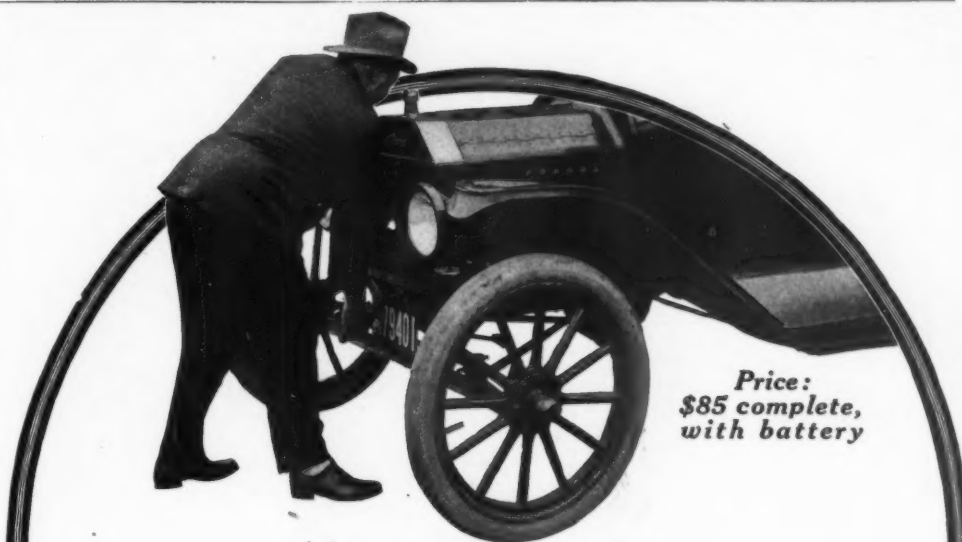
Send for free booklet—buy the style you select at your dealer's.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
95 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.

Garage \$69.50

10x15 "Steelcote" Edwards ready-to-use garage, \$69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
20436 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.



Price:
\$85 complete,
with battery

Stop Doing This

The annoyance, the labor and the danger of cranking a Ford are all removed by the Westinghouse Starting and Lighting System.

Starts the car in any kind of weather at a touch. Makes it possible for wife or daughter to drive in comfort. Provides bright steady lights at any engine-speed. These burn when the engine is stopped, if desired.

The Westinghouse is a 12-volt system, producing a cranking-speed of 175 revolutions a minute. This assures a quick start even on cold days.

Adjustable brackets, compensating sprocket and a driving chain three tons strong insure freedom from chain troubles. There are no gears to get out of order.

The nearest Westinghouse distributor will tell you all about this equipment.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Automobile Equipment Department
SHADYSIDE WORKS PITTSBURGH, PA.

Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

Distributors:

Atlanta, Alexander-Seewald Co.
Baltimore, The Richardson Garage
Boston, Motor Parts Co.
Buffalo, Motor Parts Co.
Charleston, S. C., C. D. Franke & Co.
Chicago, Westinghouse Sales-Service Station
Chicago, Motor Car Supply Co.
Cleveland, The Auto Electric Equipment Co.
Cleveland, Westinghouse Sales-Service Station
Denver, Shaffer Auto Supply Co.
Halifax, N. S., Motor Sales Co., Ltd.
Houston, Texas, Tel-Electric Co.
Indianapolis, Cent. Rub. & Sup. Co.
Kansas City, Mo., The Equipment Co.
Little Rock, Ark., Rose-Lyon Hardware Co.
Louisville, Ky., Louisville Auto & Supply Co.



Minneapolis, Reinhard Bros. Co.
Nashville, Tenn., Hirsig Co., Inc.
New Orleans, Shuler Rubber & Supply Co.
New York, Westinghouse Sales-Service Station
Norfolk, Va., Reliance Electric Co.
Oklahoma City, Severin Tire & Supply Co.
Omaha, Neb., Powell Supply Co.
Philadelphia, Motor Parts Co.
Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh Auto Equipment Co.
Pittsburgh, Westinghouse Sales-Service Station
Richmond, Reliance Electric Co.
Salt Lake City, Intermountain Electric Co.
Springfield, Mass., Motor Parts Co.
St. Louis, Phoenix Auto Supply Co.
Washington, D. C., Record Auto Supply & Service Co.
Wichita Falls, Texas, Western Auto Supply Co.

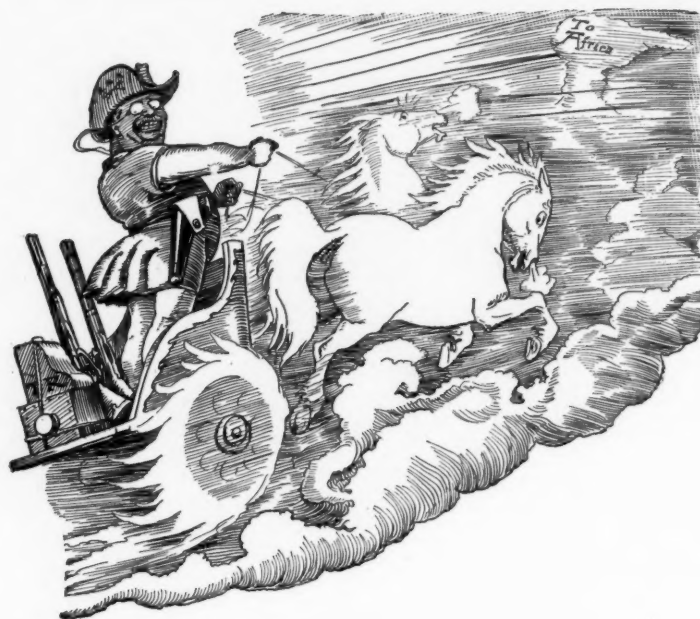
Pencils

A PENCIL is an ever-absent help in time of trouble. A man will carry a pencil for months with religious zeal, and upon the day he forgets it he will need it more than he ever needed it before in his life.

When you are willing to sharpen a pencil for any woman, it is either because you are in love with her, or too scared to rebel, or because you think there is a chance of her sharpening it herself.

Pencils are soft, hard and medium. When a pencil is too soft it breaks. When it is too hard you can't write with it. When it is medium the man has made a mistake and given you one too soft or hard.

To keep your pencil with you so you will always be sure to have it, get an iron band riveted around your neck or waist and chain the pencil to it.



The Millennium Number Is Coming

For some time we have hesitated to announce the advent of this great number, but inasmuch as the great day cannot be put off longer than September Seventh we are now compelled to let you know that it is coming on that day.

Besides, who knows but that Josephus, when he realizes that LIFE is going to get out a Millennium Number, may feel, in order to give this number a savor of reality, that he should resign? All things are possible. Josephus may obey that impulse yet.

In the meantime, subscribe. This is no idle, half-hearted plea. When we ask you to do a thing we do it from the deepest conviction that it is to your best interest to do so.

We say, subscribe for LIFE.

Subscribe for three months or a year as your spirit or your bank account moves you.

Subscribe. We insist upon it. Get LIFE regularly in your own home. You may regret it, but do something that you may regret for once in your life. It will give you a new sensation.

Subscribe. Be one of a million others (more or less).

Obey that sinister impulse!

Special Offer

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

Several sample copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

47

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

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The Martyr

PHYLLIS discourses profoundly on
Brieux,

Sudermann holds her in thrall,
Ibsen and Hauptmann and Schnitzler—
mon Dieu!

Phyllis is pals with them all.
Secretly, free from her lofty-browed
rôle,

Phyllis is dazed and subdued,
Thinks, in her early-Victorian soul,
"Heavens, these people are crude!"

Privately loathes the eugenic Eugène,
Wishes she'd never begun,
Longs to return to her Chambers—but
then,
It's being done.

Morning and evening, her grim-visaged
scale

Phyllis courageously mounts;
Strives to be like the proverbial rail,
Battles the Onrushing Ounce,
Wistfully waives breakfast, dinner and
tea,

Doggedly rolls o'er the ground,
Counts that day wasted whose sunset
finds she

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,

Son or Brother in camp or upon the Mexican
Border? If so, mail him a package of Allen's
Foot=Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken
into the Shoes, and sprinkled into the foot bath.
It takes the friction from the shoe and will be of
the greatest benefit in that arid, hot climate, where
the alkali dust plays havoc with the feet. What
remembrance could be so acceptable? Ask your
dealer to-day for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot=
Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you.
For FREE sample, address ALLEN S. OLMSTED,
Le Roy, N. Y.

"Don't-Snore"

Trade Mark Reg. U. S., Canada & Gt. Britain, Patents
STOPS SNORING AND MOUTH BREATHING
Made of Gold, \$2.00 in U. S. Postpaid. Money refunded
any time without question. 3 sizes—Small, Medium (90%
of sales), Large. Athletes use it to promote nose breath-
ing and avoid "dry mouth." From Marathon's to Golf.
Comfortable and Convenient—Information on Request.
SIMPLE DEVICE CO. MIDDLEBURG, VA., BOX 30.

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

*It is Good to be the Owner
of a Delco Equipped Car*

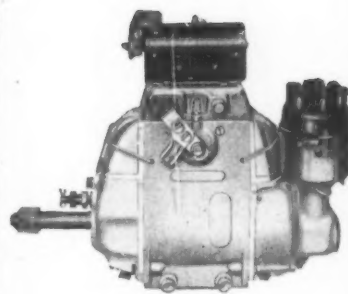
Five years ago the
Delco System was the
pioneer in the electric
cranking field.

Today four hundred
and fifty thousand owners
of Delco equipped cars
are the living proof of
Delco quality.

Five years of continu-
ous service under all sorts
of operating conditions
have thoroughly estab-
lished Delco leadership.

And contracts for the com-
ing year aggregating equip-
ment for almost four hundred
thousand more cars are a fit-
ting endorsement by both
manufacturer and owner of
the unfailing efficiency of the
Delco System.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio



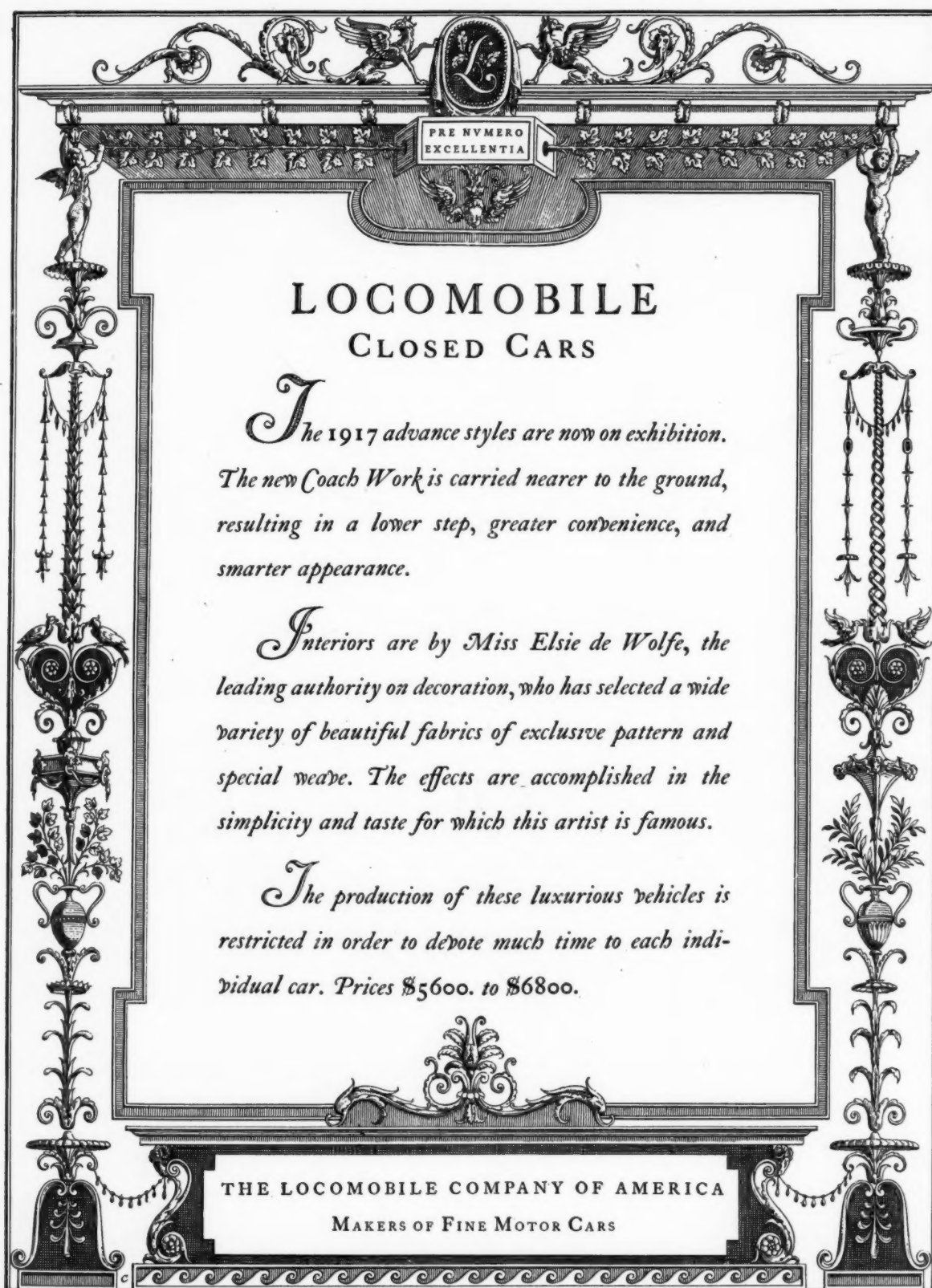
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Hasn't dispensed with a pound.
Phyllis, in private, admires a curve—
Just an occasional one—
Still, she's a rag and a bone and a
nerve—
It's being done.

Militant soap-boxes under her feet,
Yellow rosettes on her coat,
Phyllis hurls Reasons at crowds in the
street,
Shrilly demanding the vote.

Phyllis, at heart, gets along pretty well
Minus the polls, as it were,
Much as the primrose impressed Peter
Bell
So is the ballot to her.
Home, she believes, is her only True
Sphere—
Politics can't be much fun,
Still, one *must* struggle for suffrage,
my dear—
It's being done.

Dorothy Rothschild.



PRE NUMERO
EXCELLENTIA

LOCOMOBILE CLOSED CARS

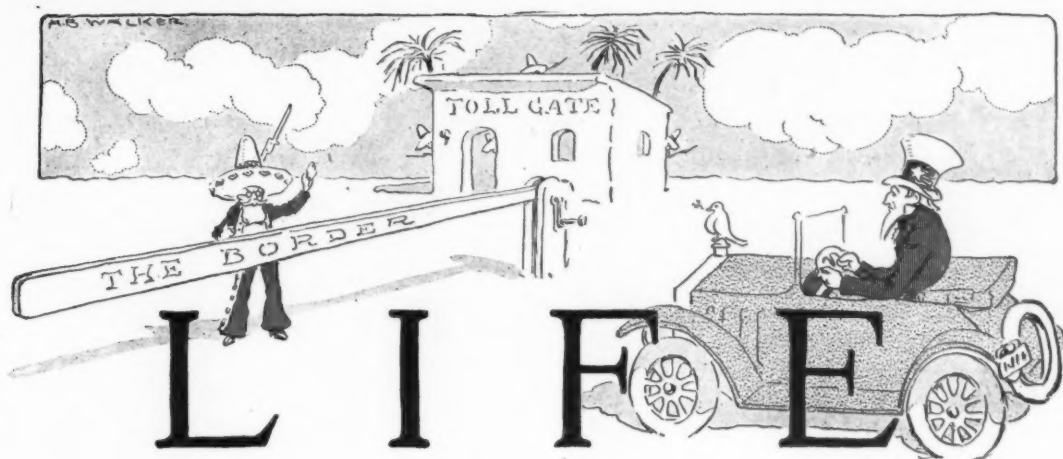
The 1917 advance styles are now on exhibition.

The new Coach Work is carried nearer to the ground, resulting in a lower step, greater convenience, and smarter appearance.

Interiors are by Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the leading authority on decoration, who has selected a wide variety of beautiful fabrics of exclusive pattern and special weave. The effects are accomplished in the simplicity and taste for which this artist is famous.

The production of these luxurious vehicles is restricted in order to devote much time to each individual car. Prices \$5600. to \$6800.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA
MAKERS OF FINE MOTOR CARS



First Modern Girl: I CAN'T QUITE MAKE UP MY MIND ABOUT DOLLIE. THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT HER.

Second Modern Girl: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS. SHE HAS AN EFFEMINATE STREAK.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1915, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$157,495.60 and has given a fortnight in the country to 37,778 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,429.52
Proceeds of a circus given by Dorothy Romine, Florence Benjamine, Loyed Powell, Donald Johnston, Teddy Johnston and Winston Romine	2.10
Benjamin Graham, Jr.	10.00
"In memory of Kent"	6.44
Marion Dell Carrere	5.00
William Alban Ulman, Jr.	25.00
"H. W. P."	10.00
Julia Noyes and Mayo Fisk	5.00
Joseph Henick	.50
Thomas Davies	1.00
Marie Carstens	10.00
An Old Subscriber	5.00
A Well Wisher	5.00
"In loving memory of C. H. Wood"	4.48
A. H. G.	10.00
In memory of C. T. S.	10.00
Helen Childs Cushing	1.00
F. N. M.	5.00
Proceeds of circus given by Gense Brashear and his friends at Castleton, N. Y.	1.00
M. A. B.	2.00
Otis A. Poole	6.44
In memory of C. S. E.	50.00
"An Oregonian"	20.00
"Watch Hill"	3.00
In memory of F. W. Frankland	10.00
In memory of Miss Caroline Rogers	5.00
K. C. Bryan	6.44
Mrs. C. S. Bartow	6.00
In memory of Gerald	25.00
Myra F. Hale	2.00
T. Van Kannel	15.00
	\$6,696.92

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A package of clothing from S. C. Judson, Coronado, Cal.
Football, two bats and six balls from Mr. Charles Compen, New York.

Set of boxing gloves from Charles Kuntz, New York.
Child's dress from Miss Janie Canfield, Georgetown, Conn.
\$3.56 for "a bit of hair ribbon and other trifles dear to the vanity of some little red-headed girl," from Otis A. Poole, Shidzuoka, Japan.

Life's Farm Is Closed

We regret to inform our friends that the Fresh Air Farm is closed temporarily, and at very short notice. The unusual conditions brought about by infantile paralysis have rendered this step necessary. Should the danger pass before the end of the season we shall, of course, reopen the Farm. Meanwhile we hope for the best.

Militia Headquarters

NEW ROOKIE: Please, Colonel—I mean sir—our tent is leaking something terrible. Where can I find the janitor?

"HOW is your game of golf?"

"It has topping fever, slicing chills and bunkeritis. The professional says, however, it ought to live for a couple of weeks longer."



"WHAT DEAR, TRUSTING LITTLE FELLOWS TO HAND ME THEIR BASEBALL BAT AND GLOVE!"

Twenty-five Years Hence

"I WONDER what that new president of Europe looks like?"

"Yes, dear, we can enter New York in our car on the thirty-first, two weeks from to-day—and stay three hours. Here's the permit."

"The air was so crowded to-day!"

"Do you know, I forgot yesterday was Election Day. I'm going to put it down in my engagement book next year."

"I had a delightful conversation yesterday with a new congressman from Mexico. He seems like a bright, capable fellow."

"Don't you think you'd better wear something on the Avenue, dear? There's a slight chill in the air."



A GOOD HEAD FOR FIGURES



?

For the best single title (in twenty words or less) that fits both these pictures LIFE will pay \$500.

Manuscripts should be addressed to
The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.



Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, in prose or verse or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words. By "best" is meant that title which, combining wit, humor and originality, is applicable not only to each picture, but to both. No quotations will be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of competitors, plainly written on the same sheet.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE's office not later than Monday, October 2, 1916. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within two weeks from October 2 a check for \$500 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of November 2.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to everyone.

If the winning answer is duplicated, the prize will also be duplicated.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving, and will debar any contribution not conforming to these conditions.

The earlier you get your answer in the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

Cast Up by the Sea

"LOOK, father, what is this strange animal I found on the beach just now?"

"That, my son, is a congressman."

"And what is that?"

"One of the primitive forms of animal life found drifting in rivers and harbors and subsisting upon floating pork."

"And look, father! It has an outer shell. What is that for?"

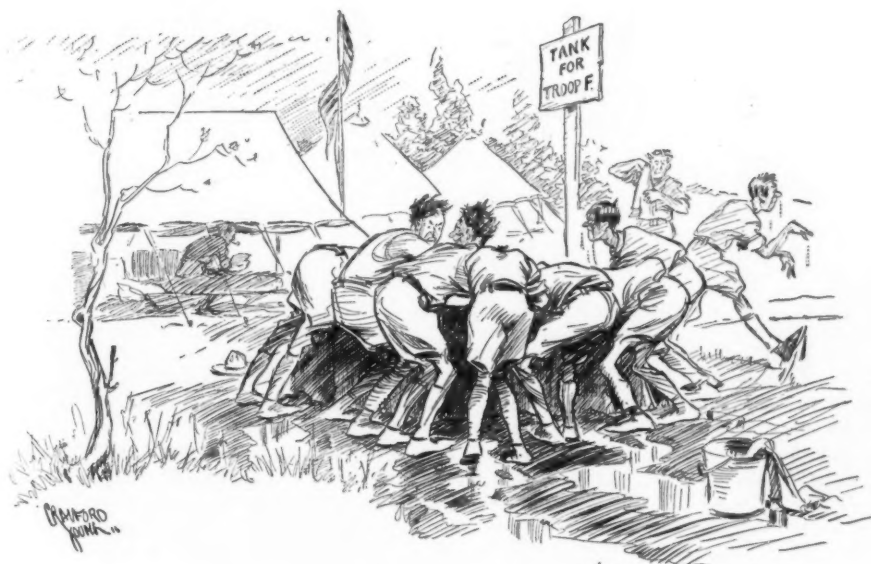
"That is a crustaceous formation whereby the congressman protects himself against any new ideas which may attack him."

"And does it succeed in doing this, father?"

"Wonderfully so, my son. You see those projecting fins; they are used by the congressman to propel himself backward."

"Is that the way he moves?"

"Always. This specimen you have belongs to the pre-glacial period. It is, so to speak, one of our latest and most up-to-date specimens."

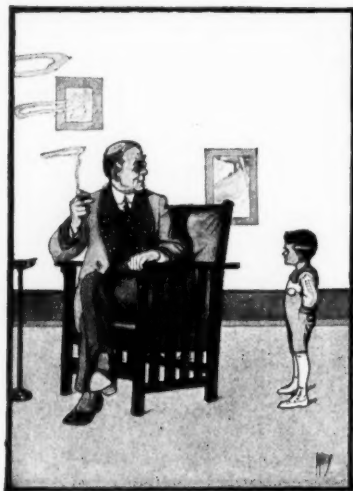


First trooper (at crowded tank): THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOU, BILL! THAT'S MY FACE YOU'VE BEEN WASHIN'."

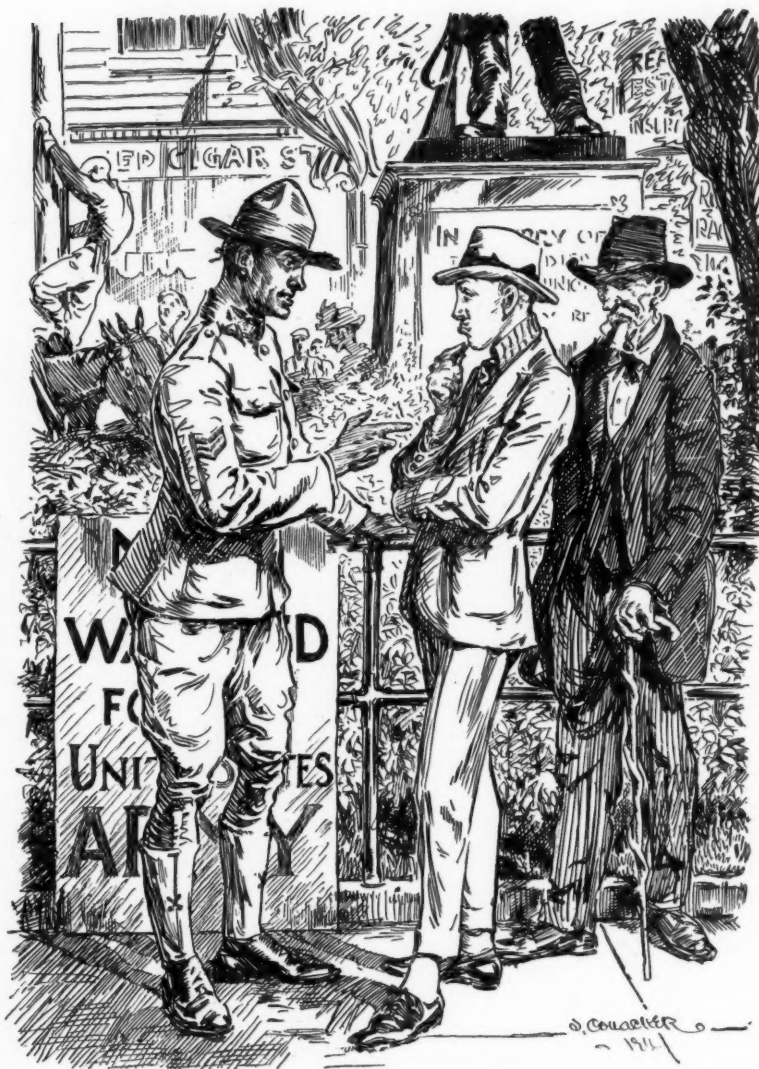
We Are in No Danger

A NUMBER of observers have been explaining to us recently that the great damage which the war is doing to us is to lop off our sense of pity. We get so used to reading and hearing of human beings killed off that we come to regard it as a matter of course. In the days of Rome people were so accustomed to war that they carried the idea into the arena and made it a part of their dramatic amusement to see human beings sacrificed. So the Spanish bullfight and other milder forms of sanguinary struggle have survived. Now they tell us that the danger is that we may all revert to type, and unless we see somebody killed every day we shall go to bed at night with a restless sense of incompleteness. That is, we shall go back to Rome.

Nonsense! In spite of the crude and temporary reversal to the ordinary spectacle of human atrocities, it should not be forgotten that, since the days of Rome, the world has advanced immeasurably in the finer forms of cruelty. Where people were once content to linger during a matinee performance and see a few Christians devoured by lions, we are now, for example, regaled with the hideous intricacies of the modern divorce trial. It is all mental, to be sure, but how much more



Georgie (after an exhibition of smoke rings): NOW, UNCLE HENRY, BLOW ME A STAR.



Recruiting Officer (to hesitating youth): A PRIVATE GETS FIFTY CENTS A DAY, A CORPORAL GETS SEVENTY, AN' IF YOU RISE TO BE A SERGEANT YOU GET A DOLLAR A DAY.

"AND WHAT DOES A GENERAL GET?"

delightful and satisfying it is to be a spectator, hour after hour to witness the torture of two people who, not being able to get along together, have their sensibilities and inner secrets dragged out publicly for the edification of the largest audience in the world!

Both the man and the woman naturally try to hide their feelings. The woman smiles and dresses for the part

like an actress, and the man shrugs his shoulders and dismisses it as being of no consequence, but all this only adds to the play, because we know what torture they are secretly going through, and the gamer they are the more do we enjoy the spectacle. Sometimes the woman goes into hysterics and faints and recovers, or the man shoots himself, and while these things are, of course, purely incidental, they are a



—Otto Cushing—

FIELD DAY IN THE NAVY

Aunt Josie Daniels: AFTER YOU THROW OVERBOARD ALL THEM DECANTERS AND WINEGLASSES YOU CAN SET THE CREW TO POLISHIN' THE SHIP'S HAND-MIRRORS AND SCENT BOTTLES——
"AYE, AYE, MUM!"

help in lifting the curtain momentarily, so that we know that, after all, the suffering is real and we are not being fooled. And this is only one spectacle of cruelty that we enjoy.

Children are being deprived of their childhood, little mothers wasting their lives, men and women warped and twisted in the intricate machinery of modern life—what a variety of pleasure one may derive from this phantasmagoria! Alongside of the permanent mental cruelties which it is our common heritage to enjoy, the crudities war displays can have but a transient interest. Rome never can come back. We have advanced beyond Rome.

"YOU can't tell; that boy of Todd's may be a congressman some day."

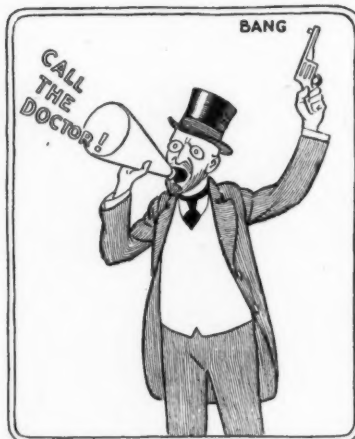
"Indeed! Why, I thought he seemed quite bright."



He: THE WEATHER MAN SAYS WE ARE IN FOR A PROLONGED DRY SPELL, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME HE IS WRONG, AS USUAL.



THE PREVENTIVE PRECAUTIONS



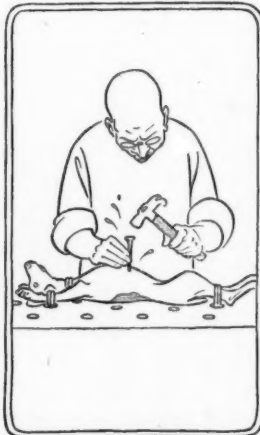
THE SCIENTIFIC ADVICE



THE ELUSIVE MICRO-ORGANISM



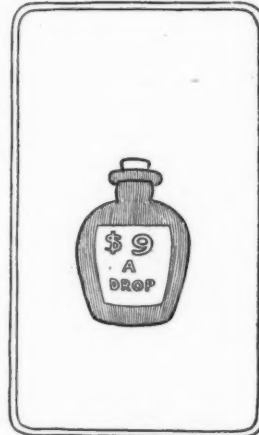
THE EMINENT SPECIALISTS



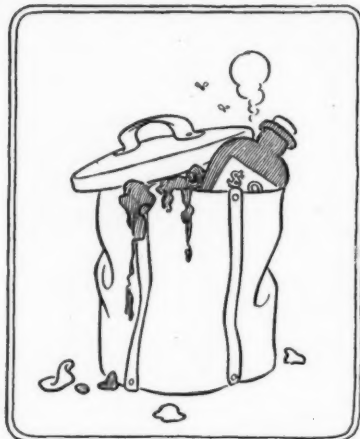
THE TIMELY EXPERIMENTS



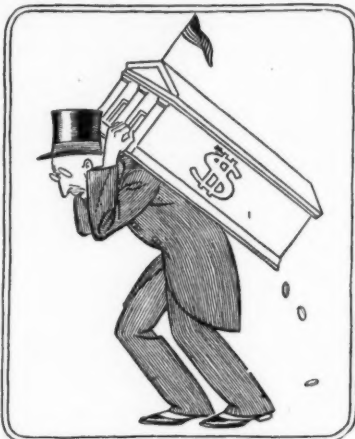
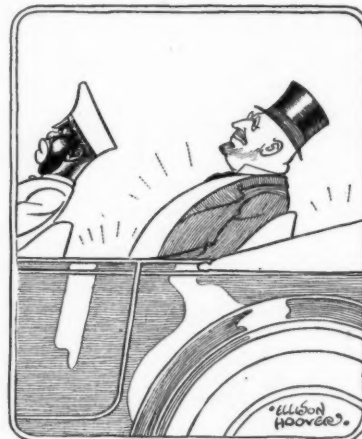
THE ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY



THE OMNIPOTENT SERUM



THE FATE OF THE OMNIPOTENT SERUM

THE IMPORTANT APPROPRIATION
EVERY EPIDEMIC

THE INCALCULABLE BENEFIT TO SCIENCE



GREAT AMERICANS

A. BOYLE DOWLE, WHO HAS A RECORD OF FOURTEEN HIGHBALLS IN AN HOUR AND A HALF

Cradle Song for Anti-Preparedness Children

SLEEP, baby, sleep!

No war near us can creep;
For father is willing to arbitrate,
And mother refuses to altercation!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Why dost thou moan and weep?
If foes approach by air or boat,
We'll make them cringe with a lucid
note!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

We're all as helpless as sheep;
But we won't be hit if we have no gun:
A thing like that is never done!
Sleep, baby; sleep!

K. L. R.

Rules for Successful Short-Story Writing

NEVER, by any chance, tell the truth about your characters.

Lie gracefully about the great facts of life: birth, marriage, love, death, etc.

If you want humor, borrow it from one of the accepted sources—O. Henry, Mark Twain, etc. Take your plots from de Maupassant exclusively. The leading magazines will have no other.

Avoid all unpleasant subjects. Compose your sentences as though addressing a baby six months old or, better still, the parents of a baby six months old.

End happily. If your story has a moral, let it be a respectable moral.

Call on the editor. Praise his cravat. Sell story for two hundred dollars. Repeat *ad lib*.



Scandal

"GIVE ME NEWPORT"
"LINE'S BUSY"



The Last Straw

MRS. HENRY STARR stood before a mirror, draping her shroud. It was her final day on earth, but she had no intention of appearing in public otherwise than becomingly attired. She had been a noted beauty for too many years to run such a risk.

She regarded her charming reflection with a frown of disapproval. "The horrid thing!" she exclaimed. "I'm a perfect fright in it."

"My dear," said her husband, "you must hurry; you really must. This is important, you know."

"But, Henry, I can't go out like this. It needs taking in at the waist. And I haven't done my hair yet."

The sonorous notes of Gabriel's trumpet rang forth, awful peal on peal. The deafening blasts reverberated through the street, dying away in the distance. The house seemed to tremble.

Husband and wife turned pale. "Hurry, hurry, Eleanor," he cried. "You will be too late."

"In a moment, Henry," gasped Mrs. Starr, frantically arranging her hair. "You are always so impatient."

Henry Starr tiptoed stealthily from the room, leaving his wife before the mirror.

"I have waited for Eleanor a great many times," he muttered as he slammed the door behind him. "But I can't wait now."



Mr. Flea: COME, DEAR. LET'S SETTLE DOWN HERE AND GROW UP WITH THE COUNTRY.



"I am a Hughes man, soul and body."
T. R.

A Letter from a Golfing Dictator

Charles E. Hughes, Republican nominee for President, combined business with pleasure yesterday by playing golf with his secretary, Mr. Greene, who, besides playing the game, took dictation on the green between plays.—*News item.*

REPUBLICAN CLUB OF TOMATO-CAN, NEV.

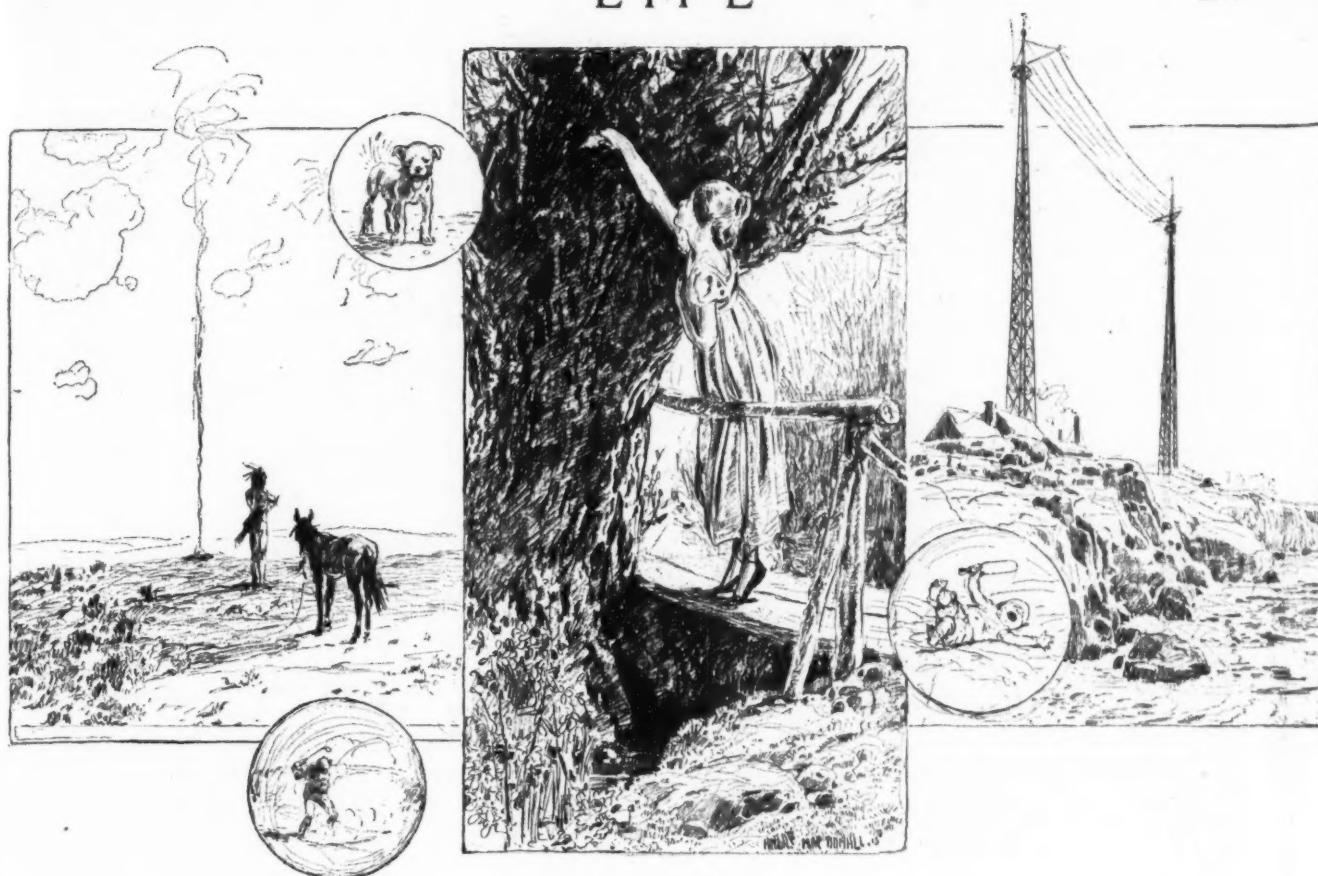
GENTLEMEN:

Fore! In reply to your kind congratulatory letter of the 18th inst., permit me to say that you will have to move your ball, Greene. How do you think I can putt when I have to use a mashie to thank you for your loyal sentiments ex-

pressed in same? A great future lies before the young men of the Republican party. There are some bad bunkers on the next hole. If I can carry them on my second shot and have the support of the honest and progressive element in this country, I should be able to make it in par and be elected easily. The start of my campaign has been auspicious. My drive on the third hole was a peach, and I have been handicapped by no bad lies. Letters such as yours do much to lighten the labors of the campaign, and I trust that you will not neglect to replace all divots. Caddy, hand me my brassy!

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES E. HUGHES.



LANGUAGE

Kontemporaneous Kulturetts

Balekult

MARY had a bale of cotton, and its fleece was white as snow.

Everywhere that Mary went—and she went in lots of places where she ought not to have went—the bale, not having anything else to do but to sit around and look pleasant, was certain to be there also.

"You can't lose me," remarked the bale.

"But you ought to know that a rolling bale gathers no moss," ejaculated—as they say in Winston Churchill's books—Mary.

"A rolling bale may not gather any moss," remarked her famous protégé, "but when there is a foreign war on it is his business to remain idle just as a kind of retribution to all the folks who employ child labor. What do you say, Mary, to that brilliant witticism?"

"Which makes the children laugh and play," replied Mary, as she merrily went on with the salmon sweater she was crocheting out of almost pure lamb's wool.

Behind Closed Doors

CLARINDA trifles with her meals,
And diets to grow thinner,
But—you should see her eating in
The pantry—after dinner!



Eloping Heiress: HEAVEN, JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE GASOLINE!

A Reason Why the Chinese Business Man May Soon Be Tired

AN alumnus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Hou Kan Chow by name, has invented a Chinese typewriter whose keyboard contains four thousand Chinese characters.

Although this typewriter fails by forty-six thousand characters to take in all the characters in the Chinese dictionary, there are only six thousand in ordinary use; so that four thousand should be about enough for all practical purposes. There is no doubt that the typewriter will be a great help to the Chinese business and professional men whose nervous systems can stand the strain of waiting for a Chinese stenographer to roam feverishly over the typewriter keyboard in search of a character whose location has been forgotten, or which isn't on the keyboard at all.

Hitherto, when a Chinese business man wished to write a letter stating that somebody's favor of the 23rd inst. had been rec'd and contents noted, and in reply would say that goods had been held up by labor troubles, but would be shipped as soon as possible, if not sooner, he was forced to call in a stenographer whose outfit consisted of a couple of dozen gross of sash-brushes and a bucket of camphorated ink. Placing several hundred yards of meat-paper on an easel, the stenographer would dip one of his brushes into the ink and proceed to paint full-length portraits of his employer's ideas, pausing occasionally to decorate the borders of the paper with a few imagistic forget-me-nots or a conventional string of sausages.

It is this laborious and prehistoric method of writing a business letter which Hou Kan Chow has aimed to do away with by means of his new invention. It is hoped that the business college will soon begin to flourish in China, and that ere long the nimble-fingered Chinese stenographer, after a ten-year course in learning the four thousand characters which decorate the keyboard of the new Chinese typewriter, will be ready to gladden the heart of the Chinese business man by

taking his Chinese dictation in Chinese shorthand and transcribing his business correspondence on 8x11 typewriter paper at the rate of three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine mistakes per diem.

The American business man, who knows how difficult it is to obtain a stenographer who has mastered the twenty-six-letter alphabet and doesn't write "beleive" and "judgement," and how nimbly she leaps from stenography to matrimony after he has obtained her and moulded her to the needs of his business, will be able to appreciate the joys which are about to fill the lives of the Chinese business men who must put up with stenographers who try to chew gum, burn a couple of joss-sticks, remember what their partners said at last night's dance and work the touch-system on a four-thousand-word typewriter keyboard at one and the same time.

China has had some serious troubles in the past, but those which lie before her make all the others look pale.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



"THERE, BISHOP, IS A NICE, MODEST

The Difference

LAST year, dear love, the blue above
Was heaven, and you and I
Its glory knew, as glad hours flew.
This year it is only—sky.

Last year our feet, in meadows sweet,
Trode fairyland's green morass
Until the day you went away.
This year it is only—grass.

Charlotte Becker.



GERMANIA

"YOU MADE ME WHAT I AM TO-DAY. I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED"



AND VERY PROPER BATHING SUIT

Fashion Notes

THE best families are not being arrested for speeding this year. The sport has become too *bourgeois* for the enjoyment of the upper classes.

It is considered quite smart to have children, though, as one young society matron recently pointed out, it is *always* a trifle vulgar to have more than one child to a family.

Dogs are always in good taste, provided that they do not weigh more than six ounces, and cost over one thousand dollars.

Politics may be discussed at informal dinners, afternoon teas and affairs more or less frivolous in character. But anything of that nature is absolutely prohibited at formal gatherings. Scandal is the only safe topic on such occasions. Early in the summer an effort was made to introduce Ibsen into polite conversation, but the movement failed when one of the social leaders asked if Ibsen was a salad dressing.

The war has rather gone out. No one of consequence is knitting anything this year, though several of the more radical members of society are still sending mufflers to the Belgians.

Divorce is still popular. Indeed, it is to be doubted if anything will ever replace that interesting institution in the affections of the exclusive set.

D. B.

No Doubt a Good Thought

Measured in other terms than that of some as yet unachieved possibility of just the forces from which sequestered culture shrinks in horror, the cause of culture is doomed so far as public education is concerned. Indeed, it hardly exists anywhere outside the pages of Mr. Paul Elmer More, and his heirs and assigns.

SO says Dr. John Dewey, writing in the *New Republic* about American education and culture.

Dr. Dewey is a wise man, and his words, above, probably contain a valuable thought if only one could lift it out of its language. These sentences, in which several thoughts run bases at

once while the ball is coming in from the outfield, are troublesome, of course, but when we get them from an educator like Dr. Dewey we should feel that they are given to us for our good, and receive them humbly and exercise our minds on them. Maybe the light will come when we least expect it.

But (whisper) what line do you suppose it is that Mr. More has got cornered?

Never mind! Any unachieved possibility of forces from which sequestered culture shrinks must tempt ambition. Let us go out and get it before the baseball reporters have disfigured it with their appalling jargon.



THE SUBURBAN HUSBAND DOES HIS BEST TO KEEP THE NEW COOK CONTENTED



AUGUST 17, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

THE country was heated to the point of torment. Judge Hughes made his speech of acceptance, and the land immediately cooled off. Let us hope the Judge will speak often while the summer lasts. We have sweltered a-plenty.

The speech gave all but universal satisfaction. All the Republicans, except the *Tribune*, said it was sublime, a real speech at last, and were delighted. All the Democrats said it was vague and empty, and were equally pleased. The exception was the *Tribune*, which said it did not hammer hard enough in the right place, but would have to do.

It was a "Hey, Rube!" speech to rally the circus men to rescue the Elephant.

What the Judge said, in real effect, was that the Democrats are Rubes and don't know how to run the country, and have run it very ill. His main complaint was about Mexico, where, he said, the present administration had undone everything it had done, and had been always wrong, both coming and going.

There is no doubt about it that the Democratic party has abounded in Rubes, including some in office, and there is very little doubt that the Mexican job has been entrusted to some inimitable agents and boggled, first and last, a great deal. Nevertheless, the country turned cool the next morning after the Hughes speech. Millions of voters who were thankful to sleep again under a blanket remain apathetic

about the presidency. There is no real excitement yet about the perils that beset the Elephant, and not very much about those that beset the country. There is no visible, general eagerness for a change of administration, except among persons who have lost power and would like to regain it. Neither is there confidence that a change from Wilson to Hughes would amount to much. The professional circus men would recapture the circus, but there is little assurance that they would run it any more to the taste of the country than they did before. It almost seems as if the voters had lost interest in Presidents and were disposed to look on them as necessary evils. The Great War absorbs attention. An issue connected with that would get notice, but no such issue has come, as yet, out of the presidential campaign, and as between the candidates a good part of the country seems to be neutral.



THE country is willing enough to believe that Mr. Wilson has made lots of mistakes, but is equally willing to believe that Mr. Hughes would make plenty more.

Confidence in the wisdom of the wise is running low all over the world. The most that Mr. Hughes can promise is to run the country in the good old way. Alas! the good old way of running countries has come a frightful cropper. Slowly, painfully and at

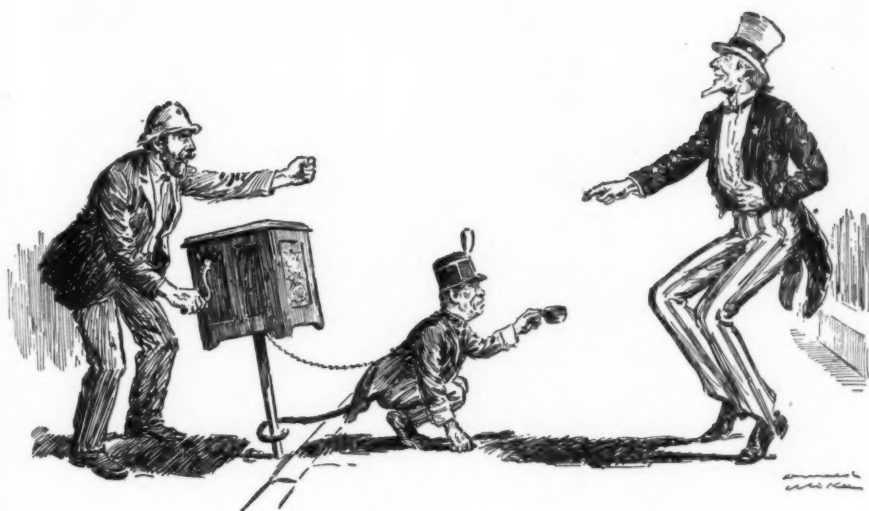
enormous cost the world that it has regulated is working out of an awful pickle. People can't help feeling that the old remedies no longer cure, and that the existing world disease, like infant paralysis, baffles the doctors and calls for a new treatment. They have seen Mr. Wilson feel his way along and twist and turn, and they suspect he cannot see in the dark. But they doubt if anyone else sees more than he does, or has a keener nose than his for the new treatment all statesmen are seeking. They are more patient with his mistakes than they would be if there was less doubt what consequences would have followed a different course. They are also much more appreciative of his successes than Judge Hughes can afford to be just at this juncture. He had a fairly hard job to assault the administration. He has done it decently, though not so brilliantly as Mr. Root did some months ago. The Supreme Court is a benchful of canned lawyers, and it is reasonable that in political assault a canned lawyer should not equal one who has remained in active practice.

Judge Hughes mentioned no names, not even Josephus Daniels. All he said about Josephus was that the administration had imposed on the country an incompetent naval administration. That hardly does justice to this detail of the subject, but the Judge was fresh from the bench and had not yet shed the dignity proper to his late calling. That, possibly, had to do with the refrigerating effect of his address.



IN saying what Mr. Wilson had or had not done and what he himself would do if elected, the Judge talked as though there was no Congress. But there will still be a Congress even if the Republicans win, and if Mr. Hughes gets as much out of it as Mr. Wilson has got he will be doing fairly well.

Most of his powder was burned over Mexico, not because that is the most important job Mr. Wilson has had to tackle, but because it was the easiest to find fault with. It is a dolorous



"WHAT'S DA MATTER DA MONK?"

subject, yet the *Springfield Republican* does Mr. Wilson no more than justice when it says that he "has grasped the underlying principle that we shall not have a permanently peaceful neighbor to the south of us until the most potent wrongs under which the masses of the Mexican people have suffered are righted through their own efforts." Perhaps their own efforts will not suffice. They haven't yet, and the outlook is not good. But Mr. Wilson, in dealing with Mexico, has thought first of Mexico and her eventual welfare. His surgery may not have been as skilful as it should have been, but at least he has avoided sewing up a sponge in her wound. If it ever starts to heal, Mexico may make a real recovery. If our doctors eventually have to take charge of the case it will be in obvious despite of Mr. Wilson's desire to let nature take its course.

One has to smile at Mr. Hughes' expedient of coming out for a federal amendment giving the vote to women. That may get him some votes, but it will make it easier for a good many doubtful voters to side against him. Even if he is elected there will still be a Congress and one Earth to give the necessary majority to a woman-suffrage amendment. There is very little meat on this bone the Judge has passed up so politely to the ladies. Mr. Wil-

son's position is sounder, and he does wisely to stick to it.



FOLKS have been prone to think and speak of Mr. Wilson as The Schoolmaster. That is all right; he is one, and not only that, but is himself a diligent learner. His great office has been to teach the people and especially the Democratic party.

The Democrats, when he took office, did not know enough to run the country properly. They were out of practice; they were full of wild ideas; their leaders lacked sophistication. Nevertheless, they were the main depository of great political impulses that were driving towards changes necessary to the welfare of the country. Mr. Wilson himself did not know enough to be President. Especially he lacked acquaintance with men and practice in dealing with them. But he trusted whom he dared to trust and got what help he could, some of it very useful. He schooled himself and schooled his party. He made Congress his kindergarten, using Republicans to perfect his bills and inducing his Democrats to pass them. What

he got out of his first Congress was wonderful.

When the war in Europe came it brought him a tremendous situation, crammed full of novelties, with Bryan in the State Department. It is nonsense to say he made a mess of it. He was a green hand at world crises. Perhaps Roosevelt or the Archangel Michael might have done better for us, but neither of them was President. Mr. Wilson was President. He had to get along with the war, and he did. Mr. Hughes, or anyone else who undertakes to persuade the voters that Mr. Wilson and the Democrats have seriously misconducted our country in its relations with Europe in the last two years, has got a much bigger job on his hands than can be done in twelve weeks. It may be that we have neglected our duty and will have to answer for it. As to that, time and nothing else will tell. Meanwhile the mass of the voters don't think so. They won't turn Mr. Wilson out because he has failed the country in his dealings with Europe.

The education of the Democrats in federal government has made the country safer. It is not safe when either of the two great parties contains too large a proportion of wild asses. After three years and a half of Mr. Wilson's studies and pedagogical labors we have a Cabinet every member of which habitually wears both a collar and a necktie. The Supreme Court has three Wilson appointees under training, with fair prospects that a majority of them will become competent judges. Grape juice has ceased to be a great national topic of discussion; nearly all congressmen wear socks, and the virtuous aversion of even Texas and Arkansas to evening dress is perceptibly undermined. Free silver is dead; Mr. Bryan is back on the platform, where he belongs; we have got an army and a proper navy coming, and a lot of good improvements, like the currency system, in successful process of trying out.

These are great and important advances. It is not so bad, after all, to have a Schoolmaster for President when what the country needs most of anything is to be taught.





A Dog's Life

Life's Readers and the Babies

THERE is no question of the generosity of LIFE's readers. But great as that generosity is, it cannot hope to keep up with the cruel activity of the Germans in adding to the tremendous total of French children made orphans and destitute by the war. When this fund was started in April the lowest estimate was that there were in France one hundred and fifty thousand orphaned children who would become charges of the Republic. Of course in the fierce fighting since that time the number has been largely increased.

Towards the maintenance of these orphaned children LIFE's readers have contributed, up to the present writing, the sum of \$20,984.58, from which 116,612.14 francs have been remitted to the Orphelinat des Armées.

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the Orphelinat des Armées, an organization officered by President Poincaré and other eminent French men and women. The Orphelinat has committees in every part of France, who look after the children and the details of management.

Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. As fast as LIFE receives from the Orphelinat the names and addresses of the children and their mothers, with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Orphelinat with no deduction whatever for expenses.

In behalf of the orphans LIFE acknowledges from

Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, O., for Babies Nos. 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261 and 262.....	\$1,460
Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, O., for Babies Nos. 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281 and 282.....	1,460
Timmy Timanus, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 283.....	73
H. K. K., New York City, for Baby No. 284.....	73
Benjamin A. Gould, Toronto, Canada, for Baby No. 285.....	73.10
Samuel Appleton, Miss Appleton and Charlotte Peirce, Swampscott, Mass., for Babies Nos. 286 and 287.....	146
Amelia Shapleigh, West Lebanon, Me., for Baby No. 288.....	73

FOR BABY NUMBER 242

Already acknowledged.....	\$2.13
S. and F. C., Troy, N. Y.....	2
K. B. S. and E. B. S.....	2
Mrs. James O. Wallace, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	5
"B. and W.".....	2
Henrietta Edwina, Margit Cecile and Edwin Nelson Ferdon, Jr., St. Paul, Minn.....	10
H. E. G., Boston, Mass.....	1
"In memory of Dorothy D., Washington, D. C.".....	5
Amelia Shapleigh, West Lebanon, Me.....	27

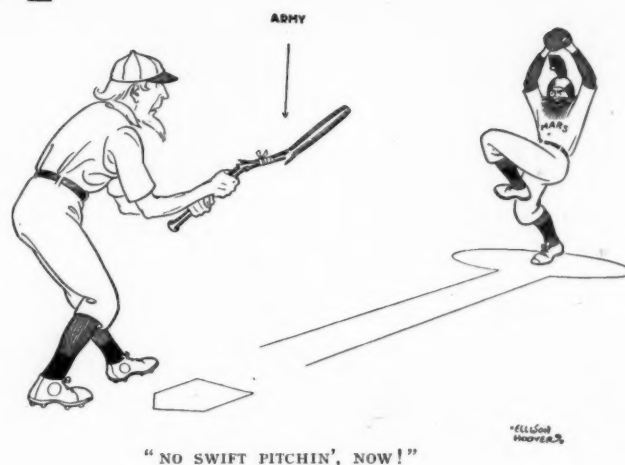
\$56.13

The Remains

I SAW it hobbling down a flight of steps, slashed and torn to shreds. Barely enough was left to hold the shreds together. It was a pitiable sight. My curiosity was aroused.

"What are you?" I asked, "and how came you in such horrible condition?"

"I am a reputation," the wreck replied, "and I have just been released from a female bridge whist party."



Things We Shrink from Knowing

IT is estimated by experts that ten years will be required for the United States navy to recover from the damage inflicted by Josephus Daniels.

In the recent friction Justice was on the side of Caranza.

An institution hereabouts has sixty scientifically diseased horses furnishing serum.



"WOT'S YER NAME?"
 "JAMES LOWELL TENNYSON BROWNING SMYTHE."
 "WELL, I KIN LICK TH' WHOLE UV YE."

The Newness of the Old

By E. V. Lucas

IN an American paper which has just reached me I find this anecdote:

"An old lady was being shown the spot on which a hero fell. 'I don't wonder,' she replied, 'It's so slippery I nearly fell there myself.'"

Now that story, which is very old in England, and is familiar there to most adult persons, is usually told of Nelson and the Victory. Indeed, it is such a commonplace with facetious visitors to that vessel that the wiser of the guides are at pains to get in with it first. But in America it may be fresh and beginning a new lease of life, and it will probably go on forever in all English speaking countries, on each occasion of its recrudescence finding a few people to whom it is new.

It is a problem why we tend to be so resentful when an editor or a comedian offers us a jest that has done service before. It is, I suppose, in part, at any rate, because we have paid our money, either for the paper or the seat, and we experience the sense of having been defrauded. We have been done, we feel, because the bargain, as we understood it, was that we were purchasing novelty. So that when suddenly an old, old joke, which, perhaps, we have ourselves related—and that, of course, is an aggravation of the grievance—confronts us, we are indignant. But what, one wonders, would a comic paper, or a revue be like that had nothing old in it. We shall probably never know.

The odd thing is that we not only resent the age of the joke, even though it is in our own repertory, but we resent the laughter of those to whom it is new—perhaps three-quarters of the audience. How dare they also not have heard it before? is our unspoken question. Not long ago, seated in a playhouse by a candid and normally benignant and tolerant friend, I found myself laughing at what struck me as a distinctly humorous remark made by one of London's nonsensical, funny men. Engaged in a competition with

another as to which had the longer memory, he clinched the discussion by saying that he personally could remember London Bridge when it was a cornfield. To me that was as new as it was idiotic, and I behaved accordingly, but my friend was furious with me. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, with the click of the tongue that usually accompanies such criticism, "fancy digging that up again! It's as old as the hills." And his face grew so dark and stern that I felt guilty.

What we have to remember, and what might have softened my friend's granite anger, had he remembered it,

is that a new audience is always coming along to whom nothing is a chestnut. It is not the most assuring of thoughts to those who are a little fastidious about ancients in humor; but it is nature, and therefore a fact. Just as every moment (so I used to be told by a solemn nurse) a child is born, (she added, also, that every moment someone dies, and she used to hold up her finger and hush! for me to realize that happy thought) so nearly every moment (allowing for a certain amount of infant mortality) an older child attains an age when it can understand and relish a funny story. To



FIND THE MAN WHO HAS JUST DROPPED THE LAST BOX OF MATCHES OVERBOARD

those children every story is original. With this new public, clamorous and appreciative, why do humorists try so hard to be novel? (But perhaps they don't.)

I suppose that there are theories as to what is the oldest story, but I am not acquainted with them. That people are, however, quite prepared for every story to be old is proved by the readiness with which, when Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" was translated into Greek for a School Reader, a number of persons remarked upon the circumstance that the humorist had gone to ancient literature for his jest.

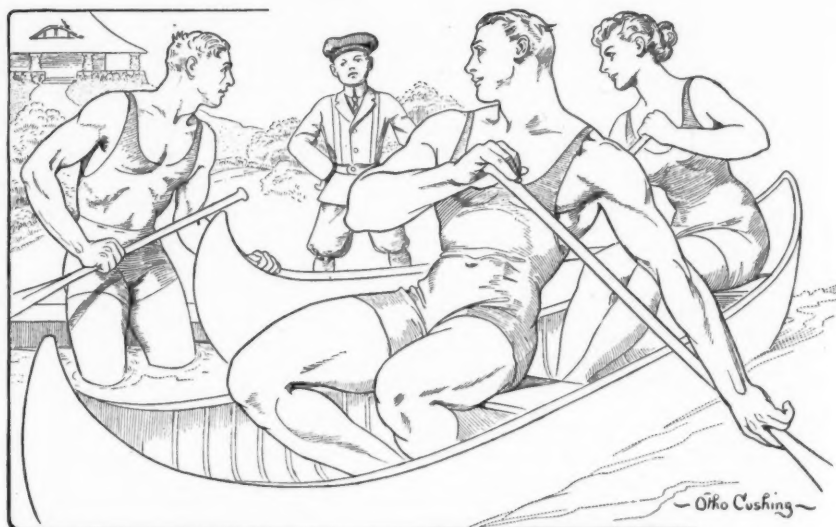
Some old stories come into their own again quite naturally. Such, for example, just now as those with a martial background. I remember, during the Boer war, hearing of a young man who was endeavoring to enlist and was rejected because his teeth were defective. "But I want to fight the Boers," he said, "not eat them." The other day this excellent retort turned up again, only this time the young man said that he did not want to eat the Germans. I have no doubt that in the Crimean war a similar applicant declared that he did not want to eat the Russians, and a hundred years ago another was vowing that he did not want to eat the French. Probably one could trace it through every war that ever was. Probably a young Hittite with indifferent teeth proclaimed that his desire was to fight the Amalekites and not to eat them. The story was equally good each time, and there has always been a vast new audience for it. And so long as teeth exist in the human head, which, I am told, will not be forever, so long will this new anecdote enjoy popularity. After that it will enter upon a new phase of existence, based upon defects in the applicant's *râtelier*, and so on, until universal peace descends upon the world, or, the sun turning cold, life ceases.

YOU have no reason to be ashamed of your poverty if you acquired it honestly.



Private Montmorency Van Smith: I SAY, SERGEANT, THIS FOOD IS ATROCIOUSLY COOKED.

"WELL, IF YE'D RING FER THE HEAD WAITER AN' HAVE HIM COMPLAIN TO THE PROPRIETOR, YE MIGHT GET THE CHEF DISCHARGED."



"TOMMY, WILL YOU TELL YOUR MOTHER OUR SUIT-CASES DIDN'T ARRIVE, SO WE CAN'T WEAR EVENING CLOTHES TO DINNER?"

"OH, COME AS YOU ARE! SHE DOESN'T WEAR MUCH HERSELF AT DINNER."



THE OLD FOUR-POSTER

In the Museum, 2016 A. D.

"MOTHER, what is that strange thing that looks like a black soup-kettle upside down?"

"That, my child, is a derby hat. It was extensively worn during the latter part of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth centuries."

"Who were the Derbies, Mother; and were they crazy, that they should have worn such an odd looking thing?"

"No, no, Gaspard! You misunderstand me! The article is a derby hat. Practically all males affected them for a number of years. They were familiarly referred to as 'derbies.' My great-grandfather—your great-great-grandfather, Gaspard—knew of people who had worn them. He told me that they were also known as stiff cadies, tin roofs and hard kellies."

"How strange, Mother! What was their particular virtue? They must have been very healthful or very comfortable."

"So one might imagine, Gaspard; but my great-grandfather has frequently given me to understand that the opposite was the case. They were neither healthful nor comfortable. Great-grandfather told me with his own lips

that the excessive pressure of the hats against the skulls of the wearers frequently shut off the blood supply from the hair roots, and caused the wearers' heads to become as hairless as egg-plants. After a few months' exposure to the weather, these hats usually became an unpleasant green in color. They were hot in summer and cold in winter. They were kept on the head with the greatest difficulty, and a slight breeze would dislodge them and deposit them with a sickening thud in the roadway. Owing to their brittle construction, such thuds usually dented them severely, and left traces which defied removal."

"But, Mother, how was it possible for an age which produced the X-ray, the wireless telegraph, the automobile and the aeroplane to permit itself to wear such a monstrosity?"

"Your point is well taken, Gaspard; but you must remember that the same age also produced the Great European War."

"Of course, Mother! It was an age on the borderline between genius and insanity. Let us go into the Gasoline Room and see whether the attendant will allow us to smell the gasoline."

"Very well, Gaspard. Strap on your motor-skates and come with Mother."

K. L. R

Woodrow Wilson

THERE are certain principles by which we can judge certain men, because their actions are not dependent upon chronology, but are good for any time. And it is only in this way that we can judge President Wilson. No matter what his friends may say in his favor, or his critics pronounce against him, certain principles of human nature are plain. One of these is that when a considerable number of men, women and children of one nation are deliberately destroyed on the high seas by the express order of another nation, and are warned beforehand in the papers that the thing is going to be done, nothing but retribution on the offending nation counts.

It is useless to talk of diplomacy, to argue pro or con about international law, or to state that the avoidance of war is supreme. When you are unjustly attacked, there is only one thing to do. Every man does it. It has always been done. It is a rule that comes before typewriters or oratory. The morning after the *Lusitania* was torpedoed the great majority of men in America who loved their country both for its past, its present and its future knew what they would do. There was no argument about it. There never could be. There never will be.

That day Woodrow Wilson fell. Bryan and Daniels, however misguided, could not have killed him. War or no war, peace or no peace—that day Woodrow Wilson fell.

Wages

THE position is very simple—a woman is paid less than a man because she is worth less. The fact that she does the work as well isn't the last word. The element of permanency enters. Men and women are in a way to marry, but when a woman marries she quits her job, whereas a man fastens himself to it with hooks, so to speak, of steel. Then, too, there is always the chance that a woman will marry her boss—he is entitled to some rebate on that account.



"I AM UNABLE TO TELL YOUR FORTUNE, YOUR PALM IS SO FROSTBITTEN."

"VERY LIKELY. I HAVE JUST BEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH HUGHES AND FAIRBANKS."



She: NO, HORACE, I MUST WITHHOLD MY ANSWER UNTIL YOU
ATTAIN GREATER HEIGHTS

How to Treat August

MANY people are afraid of August. She has caused them so many annoyances in the past, they have lost their nerve.

The best way is to walk right up to her and look her in the face and tell her the fatal truth. Say:

"August, you're muggy! Now, get over it!"

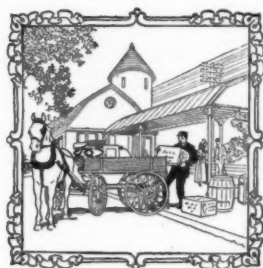
She will. She will be bright and cheerful, full of cool airs. She means well.

The Modern Way

FOR RENT: Beautiful concrete garage on the sea-shore. All modern inconveniences. Gothic windows. Hot and cold running buffet. Chauffeur's salt-water bath and reading room. Large floor space for dancing. Extra bedrooms for chauffeur's guests. Pianola. Southern exposure. Solid silver tea service. Will guarantee your chauffeur's complete satisfaction.

Price, including small cottage for yourself and family, \$2,000.

the soup of the epicure



A case of
"French cookery
wherever you are"

Those who like Franco-American Soups—and they are legion—find it convenient to order it by the case for their summer homes. It is easier to jot an order to your grocer than to fuss about making the soup at home. Moreover, it would require an elaborate kitchen indeed and *our own chefs* to produce for you such delightfully French soups as these.

Franco-American Soups in your pantry are so many first aids to the brain-weary menu-maker. You will be astonished how constantly you will draw upon them—for the home meal, the picnic, the motor-trip, the boating party—for the ice-cold "bracer" after exercise, for the piping hot nourisher on the damp and foggy days. No preparation is necessary!

If you are in a remote place, let Uncle Sam and the railroad bring you your consignment of this "French" deliciousness. Or if a good grocery store is near at hand, a phone message will suffice.

Merely heat before serving

Thirty-five cents the quart

Twenty cents the pint

At the better stores



Franco - American Soups

Selections:

Tomato
Mock Turtle
Clear Ox Tail
Ox Tail, thick
Consommé
Bouillon
Julienne
Mutton Broth
Chicken

Chicken Consommé
Chicken Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Clam Broth
Beef
Pea
Mulligatawny
Clear Vegetable
Vegetable, thick

"Let us give you a taste of our quality"

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.



Quite Accustomed

Two citizens were toddling up the street one day recently, earnestly engaged in exchanging their experiences with dyspepsia.

"And did you ever try the hot-water cure?" asked the thin one.

"Did I?" repeated the melancholy one, who had also something of the saving grace of humor in his make-up, as many melancholy men have. "I should say I did. Why, man, I've been married fifteen years."—*Argonaut*.

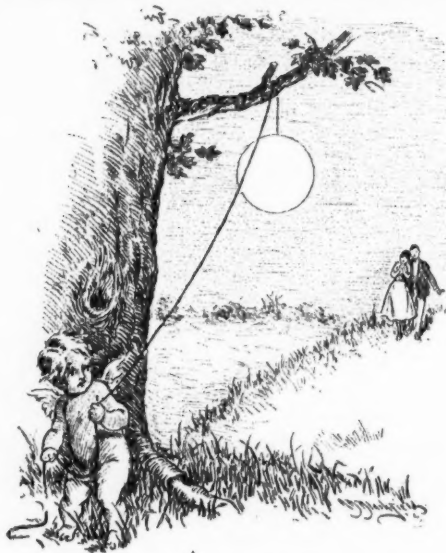
Is and Has Been

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him. So he asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter replied:

"It's bean soup, sir."

Upon this the Englishman rejoined in high dudgeon, "I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is."

—*Wisdom*.



THE PROPERTY MAN

Good Advice

A minister was questioning his Sunday-school concerning the story of Eutychus, the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling out of a window, was taken up dead.

"What," he asked, "do we learn from this solemn event?"

The reply from a little girl came:

"Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

—*Tit-Bits*.

Apt Comparison

"Prof. Diggs is an authority on the Chaldeans."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He knows as much about those ancient people as Mrs. Diggs knows about the Smiths and Joneses who live next door."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

VIOLET: Adèle is such an economical little body!

LA ROSE: Ah, yes! She'll trudge for miles from one law office to another to save ten dollars on a divorce.

—*Boston Globe*.


LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



The responsible families of America have *White Rock* water on their tables



		
Driving Iron	Mid-Iron	Mashie

The "All-One" Adjustable Iron

Simplify your game. Play better golf. Familiarity means certainty. With the "All-One" Club you get 3 to 5 times the practice which you now get with any one Club—and practice makes perfect.

The "All-One" Iron is instantly adjustable to the three face angles shown above. One turn of locking collar releases head; another turn locks head in desired position. It is firm and tight; will not rattle. In every position it is as fine and true a Club as you ever swung.

Every shot in the game can be played with the "All-One" Club. The Driving-Iron position makes an excellent putter. Use the "All-One" Club exclusively or only on the fair green. Either way you will play better golf. A handy Club for guests, for travelling or when caddies can't be had.

"More Clubs Make More Difficulties"—says Chick Evans. Reduce your difficulties and improve your game with the "All-One." Price \$6. Sold by the following dealers and many others, or shipped prepaid in the U. S. upon receipt of price by

GOODRICH SALES CO., 7 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

NEW YORK: Von Lengerke & Detmold; New York Sporting Goods Co.; Abercrombie & Fitch; Frank Slazenger & Co. PHILADELPHIA: Edw. K. Tryon Co. CHICAGO: The Golf Shop; Von Lengerke & Antoine



Her Complexion Secret

MAUD FEALY is the same as that of other famous movie stars—the same as that of thousands of other women of admired complexions who use the one powder that gives an exquisite smoothness to the skin and a radiant bloom that suggests youth instead of powder. Try it just once and you'll be delighted with the way it beautifies. Does not rub or blow off like ordinary powders. Neither does it fail under glaring light or perspiration. White, Pink, Flesh, Cream. 50c Everywhere

CARMEN Complexion Powder

STAFFORD-MILLER CO.,
521 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

In the Red Trimmed Orange Color-Ed Box-Seen Everywhere

How to Get Information

IN order to secure accurate and reliable information about any important question of the day, proceed as follows:

First go to those who know the facts, but who do not consider it good policy to say anything.

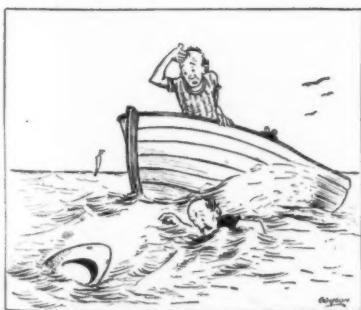
Next go to those who know the facts, but who are so intimately connected with the profits from said facts that they consider it good policy to lead you as far away from the truth as possible.

Next go to those who know the facts, but who are so unattractive themselves and who tell the truth in so unattractive a way that you are unable to believe them.

Next go to the statistical compilations which are to be found in the libraries and which, besides being repellant in their desert-like expanse, are so impossible that nobody but an expert accountant, a lightning calculator and a clairvoyant all rolled into one could glean any important conclusions from them within the limits of human endurance.

Next go to some sincere, but misguided, reformer who has been told something that is not true about the matter and who proceeds to draw therefrom conclusions which are duly trimmed with sadness, melancholia and fallaciousness.

Next go to some impatient idealist whose policy it is never to believe anything that is told him and who, therefore, always asserts the opposite as facts which are personally known to him to be



"KEEP YER NERVE, OLD MAN! KEEP YER NERVE! HE CAN'T BITE UNLESS HE'S ON HIS BACK."
"BUT HE'S ON HIS BACK NOW."
"THEN TURN ON YER OWN BACK AND FOOL HIM."

true, resulting in theories which are apt to be more interesting than practicable.

Next go to the editorial writer of your favorite newspaper who would like to get the matter straight if the printer didn't hurry him so and if the policy of the proprietor of the paper permitted.

Next go to the editorial writer of the opposition paper who is equally anxious to tell the truth, but whose employer compels him to guess differently from his competitor across the way.

Next consult your neighbor who, in the hope of concealing from you how little

he knows, will repeat a platitude which he has heard some other man utter, and which he supposes must have been based upon accurate information.

Next, being filled with despair, withdraw into the silence, select from all you have heard that particular set or rearrangement of statements which it is best for your own interests to believe, and thenceforth, without regard for facts, logic or righteousness, assert the correctness of these statements as confidently and as emphatically as if they had been vided by some omniscient being.

Williams' Shaving Soaps



Pick your favorite form—but pick it from the Williams' Big Four

You get a lather that treats your face like a friend. No smart, no pull, no roughness—just a feeling of cleanliness and a healthful glow. Try this lather tomorrow. If you dodged the shave today all the better. Williams' Shaving Soap likes nothing better than to go up against a regular beard.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

STICK, POWDER, CREAM, LIQUID

and in round cakes

Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of the four forms shown above, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Tale Powder

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Not Far from Right

The day was hot, and the sleepy class found it difficult to concentrate its attention on its tasks, though the history mistress did her best to make the lesson interesting.

"Now, girls," said she at last, "can you tell me why the great man was buried in Westminster Abbey?"

There was a long silence.

At last a girl put up her hand.

"Because," she answered, solemnly and impressively, "he was dead!"

—Tit-Bits.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Unprofitable

A six-weeks-old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"

—Harper's Magazine.

GORDON BEVERAGES—GIN FIZZ. Directions: 1 teaspoonful Sugar, Juice of 1 Lemon, 1 dash of Cream, drink of Gordon Dry Gin, fill glass with fine ice. Shake, strain and fill glass with Fizz Water and serve. Formula for another beverage will follow next week.

TRY A BOTTLE OF
POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
SALAD DRESSING
A MAYONNAISE OF
SURPASSING DELICIOUSNESS
AT ALL GROCERS

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement
and education invariably
PREFER Deities to
any other cigarette.

25¢

Anagyrus

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



No Expense

"My wife and I are thinking of chartering a yacht for the summer."

"Won't that be pretty expensive?"

"Not as long as we confine ourselves to thinking about it."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect
Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

RECTOR (going his rounds): Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles; uncommonly fine!

CONTEMPLATIVE VILLAGER: Ah, yes, sir; if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!—Tit-Bits.

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

A RUSSIAN Jew was arrested in Boston not long ago, and when he was taken to the police station his condition was found to be so unclean that he was ordered to take a bath.

"Vot! Go in de vater?" he asked.

"Yes, take a bath. You need it. How long is it since you had a bath, anyway?"

With his hands aligned upward and outward he answered, "I never was arrested before!"—Everybody's.

The bigot has lost caste in America.

It is the *moderate* man who has authority—the man who knows how to *use* and not *misuse*.

You will find thousands of *moderate* men using a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey—*Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!*

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 E. 31st St., N. Y. That's All!



"OH, GRACIOUS! AFTER ALL MY TROUBLE"





FAITH, SOAP AND CHARITY

Heroes

READY with his eager life
Enemies to quell;
Risking all for Uncle Sam,
Facing shot and shell;
Bound to march on any foe,
Though the road be rough,
Cheer for Johnny Leg Away,
Made of hero stuff!

Yet remember while we thrill
To the tramping feet,
In the breasts of stay-at-homes
Soldier hearts may beat.
Battles of the commonplace
Rage to struggle through;
Cheer for Johnny Peg Away—
He's a hero too!

McLanburgh Wilson.

Great Western Champagne



"Brut Special 1900" "Special Reserve"
(absolutely brut) (very dry)

"Extra Dry"
(medium)

Produced by the old French
slow method of fermentation
in the bottle taking from six
to seven years of time.

Great Western is the Only
American Champagne ever
awarded a Gold Medal at
Foreign Expositions.

Paris Exposition, 1900, France
Paris Exposition, 1889, France
Bruxelles Exposition, 1910, Belgium
Vienna Exposition, 1873, Austria
Bruxelles Exposition, 1897, Belgium
Paris Exposition, 1867, France

Write for our free Illustrated Booklet
which tells how Champagne is made.

Pleasant Valley Wine Company
Rheims, N. Y.

Oldest and largest producers of Champagne in America

Pere Ma Gave half to an Indi



FATHER Marquette once won the
lasting friendship of a powerful Indian
Chief by an odd service.

The habit of the Indians was to remove
the few hairs of their beards by stoically
pulling them out. This Chief had been

Marquette gave him half of his own
bone and taught him how to use it.

To appreciate a good shaving edge,
just travel for a time without one. Twenty
miles from a razor is an awkward place for
a man with a two days' growth of beard.

Nowadays, a man packs his Gillette in
his traveling bag or carries it in his
pocket. The sign, "This shop closed on
Sundays," has no terrors for him.

The Gillette is almost as universal as
the comb and brush. When you spend
a week-end at a modern house you find a
Gillette on your dressing table as part of
your bathroom fittings.

The Gillette shave is velvet-smooth, no matter
how wiry the beard or tender the skin. A keen,
fresh blade is always ready. Prices \$5 to \$50.
Blades 50c. and \$1 the packet. Dealers every-
where.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON

It was the athlete who started the custom of *shaving under the arm*—a measure
of cleanliness and comfort that is becoming as general as the shower among
men everywhere who follow the outdoor sports or any form of vigorous exercise.



No Stropping—No Honing

Change of Air for an Ambassador

AFTER two very hard years fol-
lowing one not so hard, Amba-
sador Walter Page is coming home
for a month's respite.

No doubt his native air will be good
for him. It must be very hard to live
long in London in these times and not
become more saturated with the local
atmosphere than an ambassador should
be. Mr. Adams lived five or six years

in London in Civil War times without
coming home, but he was protected
from saturation by the fact that Eng-
lish society was hostile to him and
his cause. Mr. Page has not been so
protected.

He has done a vast deal of work for
us and for all the belligerent nations,
and has done it more than acceptably.
Here's hoping he may have a profit-
able holiday.

James Whitcomb Riley

MUCH poetry is produced of which the chief end seems to be that brows shall be creased in speculation whether or not it is good poetry. A very small proportion of Jim Riley's poems ever produced this effect except in their author. He wrinkled his brow duly in making them as good as he could, but other people have taken them easy, not bothering very critically about their merits as poetry, but liking them as one likes the notes of birds, because they gave pleasure.

All the same, it has been conceded these many years that they have merits as poetry. In the high flights Riley was not as good as Wordsworth, but in the low flights he beat him. He could not have fashioned the "Ode to Duty" nor the "Daffodils," but "Little Orphant Annie" navigates with great success at a level in which Wordsworth was apt to flop.

Riley wrote pleasant poems out of a very kindly, pleasant mind. He wrote them in the first place, much as Shakespeare wrote his plays, not to be read, but to please the ears of audiences. That he was the most popular American poet since Longfellow is not discreditable to American taste, though it argues a large popular appetite for simple things. He knew the common, familiar properties of ordinary American childhood, and was able to bring back into thousands of minds the homely memories that were growing faint.

And there was music in him, and more art, perhaps, than is realized, and always a kindly, affectionate soul that had good will to all men and the consideration and natural refinement that belong to that disposition.



SOLDIERETTES' FIRST VIEW OF THE ENEMY

"Oh! Girls! Isn't he too grand for anything!"

A skin you love to touch

"A radiant complexion, a soft velvety skin—one you love to touch—can you imagine possessing a greater charm?"

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people really understand the skin and its needs.

They neglect their skin and then use some powerful remedy. Or, they take excessive care of it for a time and then forget it. Begin today to take your skin seriously. You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following Woodbury treatment regularly:

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. Use this treatment persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's will bring. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this "skin you love to touch" treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by druggists and toilet counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial-Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2529 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2529 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

IN our more respectable magazines nobody is allowed to speak his mind till he is so old as to have become a tolerated nuisance.

In the less respectable ones the tone is so cheap that it doesn't much matter what anyone says.

HAS your best girl gone back on you? Don't blame her. Blame yourself for not ordering her copy of LIFE in advance from the newsdealer.

A New Idea in Binders

Until now LIFE has never been able to supply its readers with an entirely satisfactory binder for the convenient and safe preservation of the copies of the journal.

The new invention expands or contracts at will, and makes a convenient volume to handle as well as being very simple in operation.

It is handsomely made, the outside being black Art Buckram with cover design in gilt, and is made to hold a full year's copies of LIFE.



Sent free to any address in the United States on receipt of \$1.50

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West Thirty-first Street New York City

Expense Account of a Motorist Who Could Not Afford a Chauffeur

ITEM: One box cigars for strange chauffeur who fixed steering gear on road.....	\$10
Item: Tip for unknown expert in garage	2
Item: Tip for expert who gave advice about tires.....	1
Item: One box cigars for disinterested mechanic who loaned tools	10
Item: One suit of clothes ruined oiling motor	45
Item: One lawyer's fee for hitting ice wagon	100
Item: One fine for leaving car on the public dump.....	50
Total	\$218

QUALITY MEANS ECONOMY

in the matter of Horse Nails. The man whose horses are shod with Capewell nails gets a safe, dependable and lasting nail—one that gives full value for his shoeing bills.

Ask for the Capewell—best nail in the world at a fair price, not cheapest regardless of quality.



MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Thing for Trainsickness
AT ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

Little Speeches for Great Occasions

(Upon being elected President of the United States)

MY COUNTRYMEN: In this solemn moment I realize, as I have never realized before, how it pays a man always to be regular, to conform, to put his party above all things in heaven and earth. I am no more fitted to be President than hundreds of other men; but I have stuck to the party, whereas my defeated rivals have merely stuck to their principles, or, worse yet, to a minority party.

I have a genuine kindly feeling toward the people, and would like to do something to help them. But it would be dishonest for me to promise them any real reforms. I must please Wall Street and the Capitalists first, last and always. I must, in every case, maintain the Status Quo. To change is to risk great investments. But I pledge myself unequivocally to open the baseball season each year of my term, by hurling, with my own hand, the ball into the diamond. The people must not expect more of me than this.


With the stock market as my barometer, big business as my pilot, and the party as my religion, I hope for a splendid, reactionary term, with the distinct possibility of re-election four years hence. I thank you.

A COUNTRY vicar advertised for an "ineligible" to make himself useful, etc., in his grounds and garden. A likely candidate turned up and, after being questioned upon several points, the vicar said to him:

"You know, we are all vegetarians here, and if I engage you I should like you to conform to our rules. Could you?"

The applicant entered into a brown study, and then at last he replied:

"I think so, sir. But I should like to ask an important question first. Do you reckon beer a vegetable?"—*Tit-Bits.*



The BILTMORE
43rd and 44th Sts. and Madison Ave.
The Cascades
19th Floor—Always Cool
Most unique dining room in New York.
New decorations and lighting effects.
Dancing
Supervision Maurice & Walton



"... not the least of the farewell tokens given me, was a packet of cigarettes made of Virginia tobacco which is so highly esteemed by gentlemen of the south."

Originally made for the gentlemen of Virginia, Richmond Straight Cut Cigarettes were first brought north by friends from the south. Today they are known in every state in the Union as the one cigarette which has always retained the quaint old-time delicacy of "bright" Virginia tobacco at its best.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

Cigarettes
PLAIN OR CORK TIP
Fifteen cents

Also in attractive tins,
50 for 46 cents; 100
for 75 cents. Sent pre-
paid if your dealer can-
not supply you.



Allen & Ginter RICHMOND, Virginia, U.S.A.
LIBBETTS & WATSON TOBACCO CO. MANUFACTURERS

PREFERRED BY GENTLEMEN NOW AS THEN

A Program for the Churches

PROGRAMS for churches, as to what they shall say and do and how they shall conduct themselves generally to end the great war, are now in order. Every self-respecting church that does not wish to do anything dishonorable will, therefore, consider prayerfully just what it ought to do. The *Christian Register* offers the following:

They should not dally with insipid apologies and load the crime of nations upon the will of God, but they should vindicate the will of God above the wicked subversions of it. They should take the prophet's outlook and keep unswerving the confidence that in the end the highest hopes of humanity will conquer.

That, in the language of Edna Ferber, is "some program." But it has merits. It offers nothing new or startling. Vindicating the will of God is a perfectly safe measure and will undoubtedly be welcomed by all "sober-minded" and "right-thinking" people as tending not in any way to precipitate a crisis. Taking a prophet's outlook is also good. No harm can result. On the whole, this program is offered to all doubtful churches in confidence that it meets all requirements as well as they can be expected to be met, considering the circumstances.

Extract from a News Report, 1950

MRS. GILTEDGE STOCKAND-BOND, said to be the richest woman in the world, appeared at the Masquerade Ball last night in a costume that took the Smart Set by storm. The costume was a genuine ten-gallon gasoline tin, decorated with the original labels and trade-marks. The only other ten-gallon tin extant is in the British Museum.

Mrs. Stockand-Bond did not stop with this tremendous extravagance, however. She actually had three drops of gasoline on her handkerchief. It was rumored that she had paid \$100,000 a drop for the precious liquid. The older members of society recalled, with many pleasant quips, those former days when gasoline was the ordinary motive-fluid of kings and emperors. Altogether, an interesting evening was had, at the close of which Mrs. Stockand-Bond announced that she would present her costume to the Metropolitan Museum, for the edification of posterity. The announcement was received with cheers.



"Drink more liquids," say the scientists

Budweiser supplies this need. What there is in Budweiser besides Nature's own pure water is practically all of food or tonic value—no waste matter, no bacteria, nothing harmful. What there is in the average city water besides water is harmful—bacteria, ammonia, chlorine, waste matter.



Read this table and compare:

Contents	Budweiser	*Average City Water
Nutritious Extract	5.5%	none
Mineral Substances	0.2%	0.016%
Alcohol	3.75%	none
Free Ammonia	none	0.00008%
Albuminoid Ammonia	none	0.00007%
Bacteria	none	2600 per cu. cm.
Waste Matter	none	0.0172%

* These figures represent averages from Municipal Water Department Reports for 12 large American cities.

Budweiser

Bottled at the Brewery

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS.

ALL unwelcome hair on arms or face removed instantly with one application of this famous preparation. In Paris and New York, famous beauties have used it the past 75 years, with approval of physicians and dermatologists. 50c and \$1. Try it. But refuse cheap, dangerous substitutes.

X-BAZIN

DEPILATORY POWDER

If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to
HALL & RUCKEL
223 Washington Street New York



Superfluous

The origin of a Kansas story which has been circulated widely with proportionate variations, was credited last week by Major M. M. Beck of the *Holton Recorder* to a certain railroad attorney in Topeka back in the days when Kansas politics was almost absolutely at the mercy of the railroad companies. The Rock Island had asked Jackson County to vote bonds to help build the road north from Topeka. The campaign was in the hands of the chief attorney for the railroad, and all county and township bosses received their orders from him. In one corner of Jackson County was a boss who controlled thirty votes, the majority in his township. He volunteered to get those votes for the bonds if the railroad would stand the bill for the banquet. The attorney agreed. A week later the boss appeared, and said:

"Well, my township will go for the bonds with fifteen majority."

"How did you manage it?" asked the attorney, fingering the expense bill.

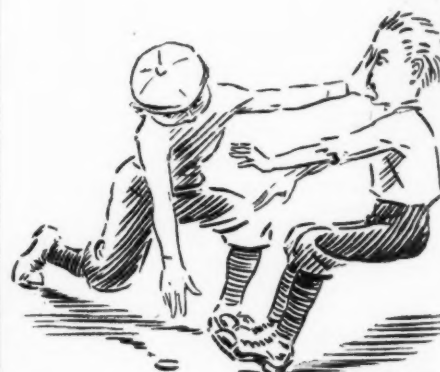
"Oh, I just gave 'em a little banquet."

"What did the banquet consist of?"

"Well, there was six cases of beer, four gallons of whiskey and a turkey."

"What th' hell was the idea of the turkey?"—*Kansas Editor.*

REMORSE is a terrible thing. You wouldn't be suffering from it now if you hadn't failed to get your LIFE by ordering it in advance from your newsdealer.



PAUL GOULD

"PUSHED FOR MONEY"

MELLO
AS
MOONL

A HIGH
Pure
connoisseur
for its rich

GEO. A. I.

Honor and Money

ARE you happy?" asked the Sociologist.

"I am not," replied the Millionaire.

"That is strange."

"Not at all. The trouble is that there is no longer any honor in having money."

"There is something in that," agreed the Sociologist.

"And there is no longer any distinction in owning an automobile."

"No."

"And aeroplaning is not expensive."

"And somewhat risky."

"Divorces, with picturesque remarriages, are exciting enough, but there never was much honor attached to them."

"Quite right."

"If I have a country house, nobody sees it except middle-class automobilists, to whom it is but one in a hundred or so passed in an afternoon's spin."

"That's an interesting thought."

"And yachts never did make much of a show to the general public. The Horse Show creates only a mild general interest and, since betting has been stopped, the splurge has fallen out of horse-racing."

"That's true."

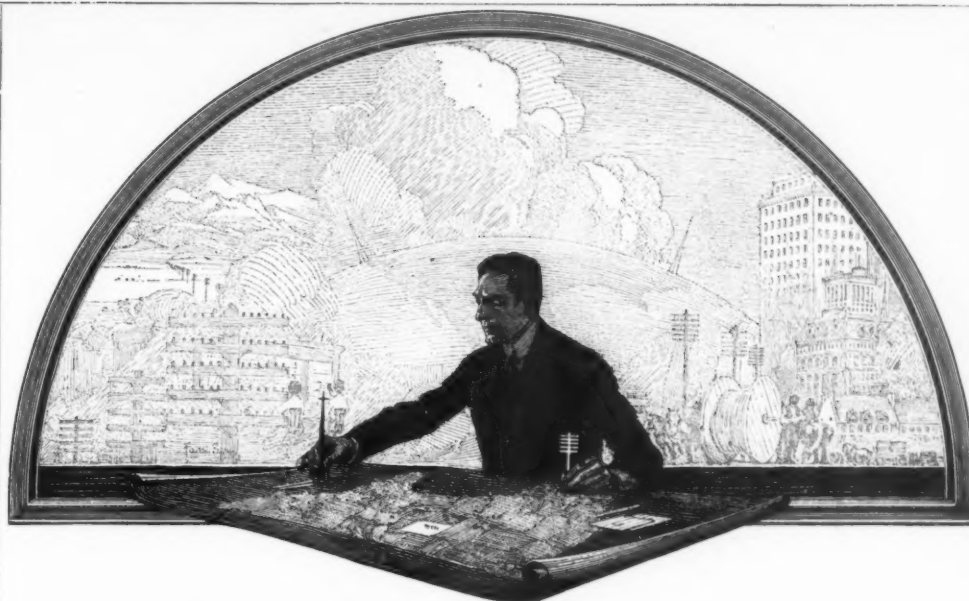
"And if I purchase a foreign nobleman for my daughter they immediately go abroad to live and the public soon forgets them, unless they are divorced."

"The situation is essentially modern," suggested the Sociologist.

"Yes. And there is the muck-raker. No sooner do I get a dollar than he comes around and wants to know where, how and why I got it."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Millionaire wearily. "Sometimes I think the honorable thing in the future will be some sort of poverty."



Engineering the Telephone

THE great Bell System, with its telephone highways connecting the farthest points of the country, is primarily a brain creation.

The telephone engineer is the genius of communication. Like the general of an army, he plans, projects and directs his campaigns far ahead. He deals with the seemingly impossible—transforming ideas and ideals into concrete facts.

His problems may involve doubling the capacity of a city's underground telephone system, or the building of a transcontinental line, or a serious war-shortage of supplies needed in telephone work.

Whatever the difficulties, they must be overcome so that the progress of the telephone shall continue equal to the ever-growing needs of the people.

It is not enough to provide only for the present—the future must be anticipated and discounted.

In the Bell System, more than two thousand highly efficient engineers and scientists are constantly working on the complex problems of the telephone business.

As a result, the service keeps step with present requirements and the assurance is given to every subscriber that the Bell System is prepared for whatever the future develops.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Justified

In one of the hotels where non-residents are admitted to the table d'hôte a man and a woman sat at a little table in a corner. He had a meek look and such sad eyes, while she had a vituperative tongue, which she was using ably. When their cleansing of soiled linen had disturbed every other diner in the room the manager approached them.

"Pardon me, madam," he said to the lady, who was obviously the senior partner. "I must beg of you to be more re-

strained. If you want to continue your—er—discussion, please do it outside."

"Rubbish!" snapped the lady tartly. "You advertise this as a family hotel, don't you?"—Argonaut.

THE worst is yet to come. You feel bad this week because the dealer was sold out when you asked for LIFE. You will feel worse next week if the same thing happens, because the misery is cumulative. Avoid it by giving him a standing order.

CASCADE
HIGHBALL

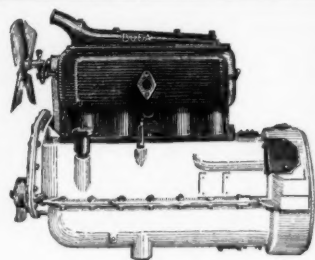
MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

A HIGHBALL made with Cascade Pure Whisky wins the praise of connoisseurs and the approval of all for its rich, smooth mellowness.

Original Bottling
Has Old Gold Label

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers
Nashville, Tenn.

4-B



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in the highest possible degree is the goal successfully attained by the

BUDA TRUCK MOTOR

Truck value is practically determined by the efficiency and durability of the motor. The value of *your* trucks should be insured by the 35 years of manufacturing integrity which stands behind the Buda Motor.

Models for all trucks.
Models for all cars.

The BUDA COMPANY
HARVEY ILLINOIS



Superiors

PEOPLE feel the need of superiors. If there are none handy they invent some. Hence religion.

The good English offer themselves a good deal to the world to fill this need, and are accepted to a degree that is quite astonishing.

But no one turns to Germany for superiors, though they do go there for kings.

The Latest Books

CHARLES MARRIOTT is a writer of first grade second-rate novels ("The Column," "The Catfish" and many others) who, at unexpected intervals, strikes the flint of something very like genius against the steel of a tempered technical ability and gives out a white-hot spark of originality. His "Now," published some years ago, and still gaining in appreciative recognition—and still as worth reading as the day it appeared—was the first of these sparks. "Davenport" (Lane, \$1.35), one of the most recent as well as the most remarkable novels of the present season, is another. Many attempts—things to shudder at, for the most part—have been made to use a "double personality" as the theme of intelligent fiction. Marriott, in this eerie tale, has not only achieved this aim, but has infused his treatment of it with a sort of Delphic double meaning of universal application.

"WE THREE" (Appletons, \$1.35) is a new "triangle" film by Gouverneur Morris—the story of a bachelor butterfly; of idle hands at Aiken; and of the mischief that his Satanic Majesty found for them to do while twiddling their thumbs and counting one, two, three, four, five, *sex!* The author is characteristically nimble-witted in his telling of the story, fertile in expedient and witty in narration. And he has ingeniously preserved both the allurements of sin and the fact of technical innocence, while preachfully proclaiming bread and water and the marital horse-whip as the needed antidotes to feminism, and as the sole practical securers of good morals.

IT is not good manners to look gift detective stories in the plot. If you should happen to be marooned in a summer hotel in the mountains, several thousand feet above a lemon and with the duplicate of Noah's flood coming down out of the heavens, you will find Arthur Somers Roche's "Loot" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25) a rough but ready club to kill Time with. It is the story of a twelve-million-dollar robbery of a Fifth Avenue jewelry store, with trimmin's. And by not trying to believe its absurdities, and at the same time making the most of its excitements, you can make lunch and dinner seem almost to touch courses.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, familiar to two generations of novel readers as "Q," is now King Edward VII Professor of English literature at Cambridge University, and has published the twelve lectures delivered in 1913-14, immediately after his appointment to the chair, in a volume called "On the Art of Writing" (Putnam, \$1.50). As the title indicates, the volume deals with a familiar subject from an unfamiliar

Why postpone a coming pleasure? Eventually some knowing host is going to offer you

Club Cocktails

undiluted by shaking, with their full flavor preserved by cooling on the ice. Any one of the ten varieties properly served will show you the inimitable Club Cocktail flavor.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London

Importers of the Famous
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE



WALL STREET PHRASE
"SITTING TIGHT AND TAKING CHANCES"

Going Away or Coming Back

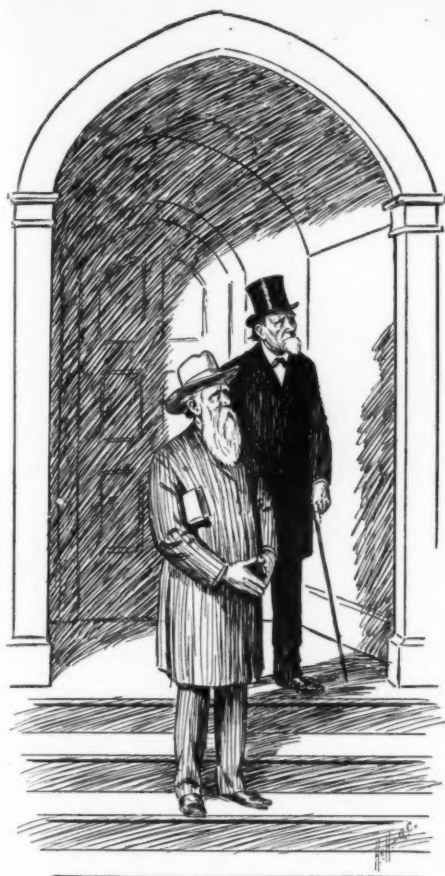
there's the same dependable measure of pleasure to be found in good old

Evans Ale

The complement of the Good Old Summertime. Makes you enjoy everything.

Bottles and Spills—At Dealers or
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.





Deacon: THIS DROUGHT IS AWFUL BAD. DON'T YE THINK, MEBBE WE'D BETTER PRAY FER RAIN?

Minister: I RECKON IT MIGHT BE SAFER TO WAIT TILL IT CLOUDS OVER A BIT.

angle—from that of the skilled worker instead of that of the academic critic. And readers of English literature, as well as would-be writers of it, will find illumination as well as enjoyment in these talks. They make no pretense of being either profound or comprehensive. But they offer us the rare treat of seeing a good mind, suddenly challenged on its own ground, dealing freshly and responsively with matters that touch us all.

SPEAKING of the difference between good prose and what he calls "jargon," and of "jargon's" love of paraphrase and horror of repeating plain words, Sir Arthur says that good prose

The High-Gear Performer on America's Hardest Hills

Boston—Corey Hill on high, 27 miles an hour at the top.

Cincinnati—Clifton Hill on high, 30 miles an hour at the top.

Kansas City—Hospital Hill on high, 38 miles an hour at the top.

Denver—Lookout Mountain, on high all the way, reaching 7,800 feet elevation.

IF YOU are looking for high-gear hill-climbing to prove power and performance—here are specific Hupmobile instances reported by our dealers.

Boston motorists regard the Beacon street side of Corey Hill as their hardest climb. Few cars hold high gear to the top.

C. E. Jeffery, Jr., says his favorite demonstration is to come down the hill, turn at the bottom, and start back on high. The car is usually travelling 27 miles an hour when it tops the rise.

In Cincinnati, Fred T. Larson drives the Hupmobile half way up Clifton Avenue Hill at 30 miles; cuts the speed to 15 miles; and picks up again to 30 miles, finishing at that gait—without shifting.

Ten leading cars sold in Kansas City do not take Hospital Hill on high. W. C. Howard says a hurricane must be blowing any

time the Hupmobile fails to clear the top at 38 miles an hour.

Thousands of tourists know how Lookout Mountain, in Colorado, tests high-gear power and cooling efficiency.

The Denver dealer regularly makes this trip—to Idaho Springs and return—without shifting gears or taking on water. The climb is 2300 feet; the greatest elevation 7800 feet.

Is there any reason why Hupmobile owners should envy the performance of other types?

In pick-up, flexibility, smoothness and steadiness, Hupmobile performance is equally good.

Eleven thousand owners give the car an efficiency rating of 99 per cent.

You begin to see now why 50 8/10 per cent of Hupmobile owners will have no other car. Why 24 2/10 of our owners

come from the ranks of those who have owned costlier cars and cars with more cylinders.

They prefer the Hupmobile, because it does all they expect of a car; and because the Hupmobile free coupon service system assures them skilled care, inspections and adjustments each month for eight months.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Things You Should Know About the Hupmobile

Four-cylinder motor—extremely simple, reliable and compact. Multiple-disc, 17-plate clutch, in unit with motor and transmission. Spiral bevel, full-floating rear axle. Tires 10 per cent oversize. Wheelbase of 119 and 134 inches.

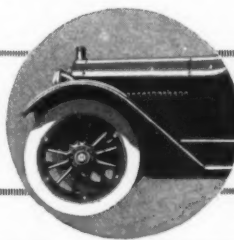
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Motor Car Service

Hupmobile



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not only calls a spade a spade, but "has the courage to double and redouble spades." Perhaps it is because it has these braveries so well developed that modern poetry is accused of being "shredded prose." But whatever it may be called, it is, at its best, a splendid concentration and crystallization into words of the essence of vision and emotion. Carl Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" (Holt, \$1.25) is full of these "crystals of prose." If they were the old things said in a new way they would be worse than useless. But they are the new wine of to-day's vision poured into bottles made to hold it; and there are both beauty and inspiration in them.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Social Functions

The full charm and comfort of the decolleté gown may be enjoyed without embarrassment, if the underarm is perfectly smooth.



Evans's Depilatory

is a soft powder which removes objectionable hair temporarily. There is no safe way to remove hair permanently. Evans's, applied now and then, keeps the skin entirely free. It is easy to use.

50c for outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. Money back if you want it. At drug- and department-stores, or send us 50c and dealer's name and address.

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Makers of "Mum"

Books Received

Jaunty in Charge, by Mrs. George Wemyss. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.)

Vision and Vesture, by Charles Gardner. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.)

Struck by Lightning, by Burton Kline. (John Lane Company. \$1.30.)

The War in Eastern Europe, by John Reed. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.)

A Dominic's Log, by A. S. Neill. (Robert McBride & Co. \$1.00.)

The Proof of the Pudding, by Meredith Nicholson. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.35.)

Black Sheep, by Jean Kenyon MacKenzie. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.50.)

Tennis for Women, by Molla Bjur-



THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

stedt. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.)

The Mothers, by George Hirshfield. (Doubleday, Page & Co. 75 cents.)

Dante, by Jefferson Butler Fletcher, A.M. (Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.)

Political Thought in England, by William L. Davidson, M.A., LL.D. (Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.)

Poland, by W. Alison Phillips, M.A. (Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.)

Cheiro's Palmistry for All, by Cheiro. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Scouting with Kit Carson, by Everett T. Tomlinson. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.)

Poems, by Najah E. Woodward. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

My Home in the Field of Honour, by Frances Wilson Huard. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.35.)

Let Him That Is Without Sin Cast the First Stone



A woman crouched down against the iron fence of the park, sobbing turbulently. Her rich fur coat dragged on the ground. Her diamond-ringed hands clung to the slender, plainly-dressed working girl who leaned close, trying to console.

Dan was the cause of it all. Dan and that chap with the automobile and the diamonds.

O. HENRY

saw, and seeing, understood. That is the secret of his power. With swift sure, strokes he drives his story home. Never a word is wasted. From the first word the interest starts and you are carried on in the sure magic of his vivid sentences to the unexpected climax.

O. Henry has come to fill American Life. Wherever you go—whatever you read—you meet O. Henry. In the news stories from the war, there are intimate references to O. Henry—at social gatherings—at hunt meets—on the road—everywhere everybody knows O. Henry and refers lovingly to his people and his stories.

The founder of a new literature—no wonder the sale goes up and up—higher and higher each day. Long ago he reached beyond the world's record for short stories. 1,500,000 already in the United States. How many in France and England—Germany—Africa—Asia and Australia—we cannot tell. As the years go

by, his fame grows greater—as the years go by, his fame grows greater for the wisdom—the understanding—the love—the humor—the sweetness of these pages. Always healthy in their influence—always facing truth when truth has to be told—a bracer to the heart and mind—while the tears and laughter struggle together and neither wins.

Don't get him to read him once—you'll read him a hundred times—and find him each time as fresh and unexpected as at the first. He puts his finger on the pulse-strings of your heart and plays on them to your delight and your surprise. That is the mystery of O. Henry—his power beyond understanding.

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